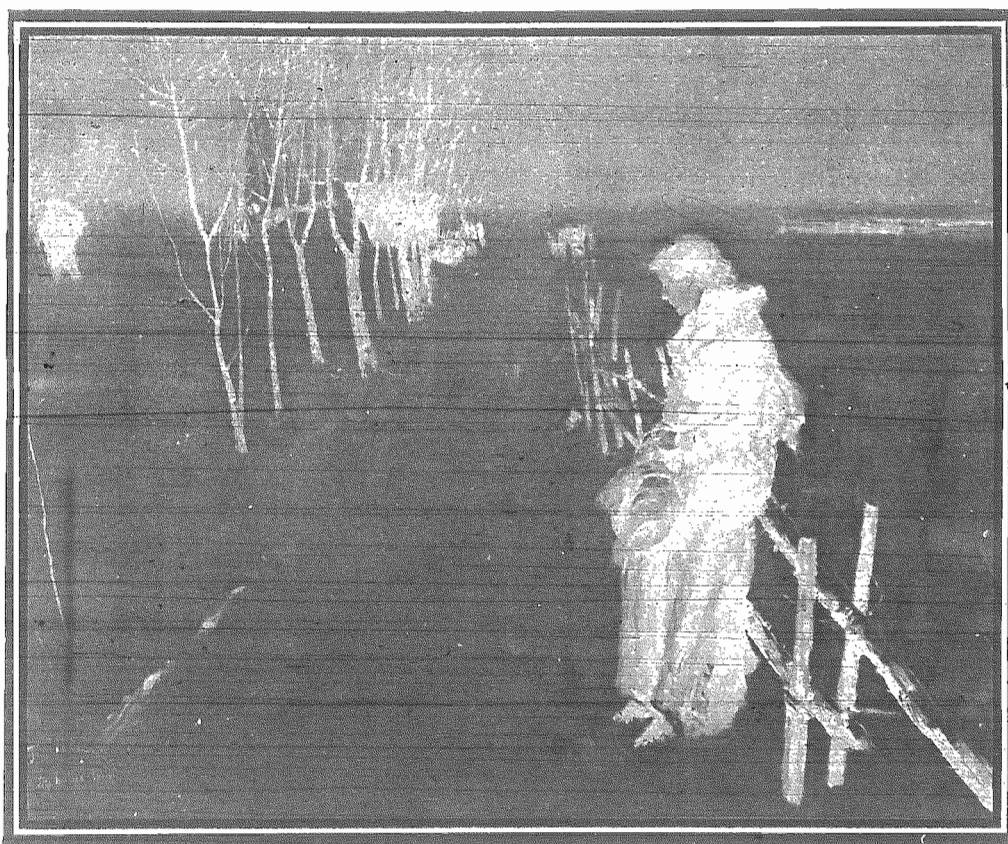


CHRISTMAS WAR CRY



"THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."

1900

Jerusalem the Golden



Jerusalem the golden,
 Where all our birds that flew—
 Our flowers but half unfolden,
 And all the glad life-music
 Now heard no longer here,
 Shall come again to greet us
 As we are drawing near.

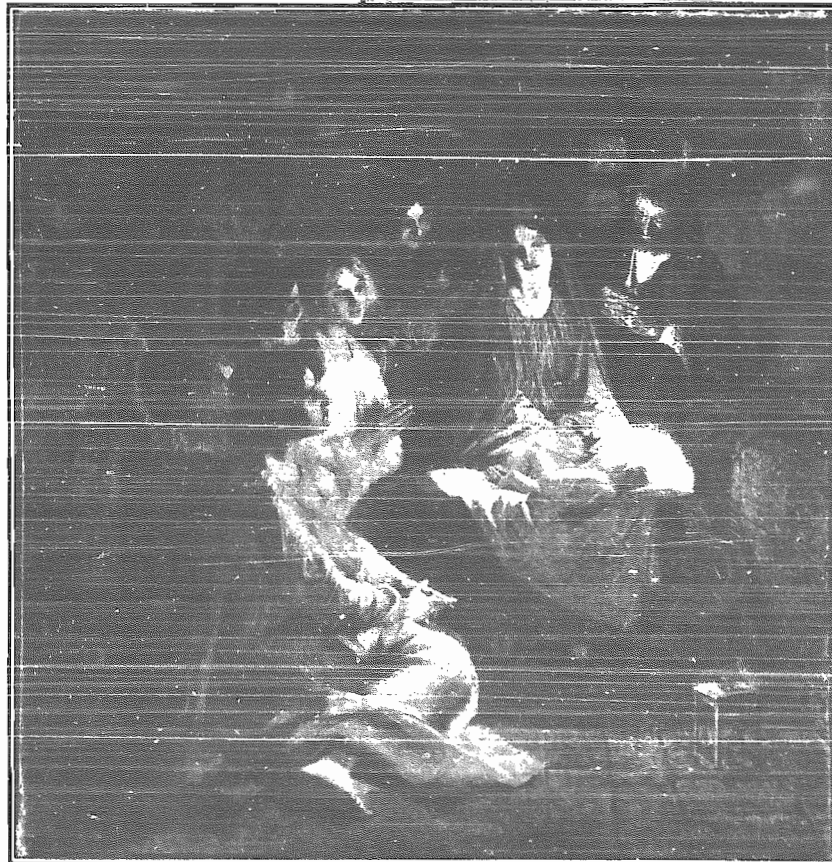
Jerusalem the golden,
 I languish for one gleam
 Of all thy glory folden
 In distance and in dream!
 My thoughts, like palms in exile,
 Climb up to look and pray
 For a glimpse of that dear country
 That lies so far away.



Jerusalem the golden,
 I toil on day by day
 Heart-sore, each night with longing
 I stretch my hands and pray
 That midst thy leaves of healing
 My soul may find her nest
 Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest

Price
10 cts.

The Christmas War Cry, Toronto, Dec. 22 1900



The nativity of Christ. ST. LUKE.

and was in the deserts till the day of his showing unto Israel.

CHAPTER II.

1 *Augustus taxeth all the Roman empire. 2 The nativity of Christ. 8 One angel rejoineth it to the shepherds; 13 many sing praises to God for it. 21 Christ is circumcised. 22 Mary purifieth. 28 Simeon and Anna prophecy of Christ. 34 who hereafter in whom. 46 questioneth in the temple with the doctors. 51 and is obedient to his parents.*

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

2 (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

3 And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

4 And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David.)

5 To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

6 And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

7 And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

8 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

10 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12 And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

14 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

15 And it came to pass, as the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

16 And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

17 And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

TOWARD A BETTER WORLD

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER



"We seek . . . a better country; that is an heavenly."



THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD!—very beautiful!—indescribably beautiful! Its architectural and artistic designs speaking the incomparable genius of its Creator, pale the best accomplishments of man. Its monuments

of rock, lifting above castles of cloud their sun-crowned heads, leave in the dust the most magnificent productions of sculptor's chisel. Its stretch of harmonious coloring in bird's wing, in sky blue, in lily white, in snow crystal, and beach coral, outrun the wildest fancies of the painter's brush. Its captivating burst of music, filling the heart of the hills with new song for each moment, soars too high for comparison with the masters of all ages. Oh! this natural world of ours—at every turn of its winding path man is confronted with some indisputable proof of a Creator's mind and a Father's love. These mountains, whose feet the springs wash, while their hands hold on to the sky, as though stood there to the Earth and Heaven together; these valleys, abloom with leaf and floweret, and awash with harvest; this earth, with all the beautiful treasures hidden in it; these springs, rivers, lakes, islands, seas, continents, make it a beautiful world.

Standing at my office window, I saw the sun, with its fingers of flame, painting on the canvas of the sky groups of white angels dressed in robes of amber, and fastening with crimson ribbons, afiring with purple and gold, the black mantle of the night, and I thought, this is God's great artist the sun, hanging pictures in the sky, and stooping to paint the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. I thought, this is Heaven's best gift, and Earth's one hope—a world's life, warmth, and beauty—Light. Who can resist it? Who can put it out—who wants to? Light for the rich, peering through silken tapestry; light for the poor, creeping through garret casement; light for the wanderer away on the sea; light for the hermit's hut in the wood; light for the dancing eyes of childhood; light for the dim vision of old age; light for the prince's coronet, and light for the pauper's needle. Where is the ladder of the morning that I may climb and kiss its golden lip? Nay! nay! God has sent it down to kiss mine, while giving to all earth its glory by its touch of love.

Yet, do I want to stay—stay—always—did anybody question? A gentleman, the other day, said in my presence: "I would like to live a thousand years," and then addressing me, said, "Is it not so with you?" I replied, "Oh, no! kindly as the world has treated me, and beautiful as I see it to be, yet I read in its every expression that there is a much—much better world, for

All in Nature Directs us to Heaven,

if we could only see the fingers pointing there. I see the waters catch the hands of aerial vapors and climb upwards. I see a myriad wings from dale and forest mark for their course the skies. I see that the flowers fasten their star-like eyes upon something far, far above. I see the trees as God's sign-posts pointing heavenward. Yes, all nature tells me that this world is only a place of sojourn; only the journey—a better world the goal; only the crossing—a better world the home—a ten thousand times better; so much better, that when you have exhausted all the adjectives, in every language to describe the superiority of the world of which I speak to the

one in which I am, that even then you come nowhere near saying

how very much better is this country which we seek.

Man Pointing There.

WHEN again I want to say that man himself points there. God created two great lights for our leading. One for the Earth—the sun! and one for the soul—the conscience. Brilliant as that burning sphere shines in the firmament, it is possible to escape its rays. We can hide in tunnels; descend into the bowels of the earth, or exclude its beams from our habitations, but there is no place to which man can flee to escape the blaze of that lamp hung in the sky of the heart—the conscience!

Man was created in the image of God, and the conscience is the God part of him! Revealing God, pointing to God, bringing in God, speaking of God, making God everywhere. The penetrating capacity of X-rays cannot be compared to the forces of this search-light to press its way into all the dives of man's sin, his wastes of dissipation and haunts of sorrow.

It is there: a light never completely extinguished until Eternal breath blows out life's candle, and then it re-kindles to bless or curse in another world. Boundless mercy appointed an angel with flaming sword to guard "The Tree of Life." Infinite Love appointed an angel at the gate of every soul—Conscience, to lead that soul up.

Who is there that does not know it? Who is there who has not proved its opposing force, and its inherent power to live on, despite every effort for its destruction? It is stronger than argument, stronger than creed, stronger than prayer-book, stronger than love, stronger even than Bible, that angel with the flaming sword.

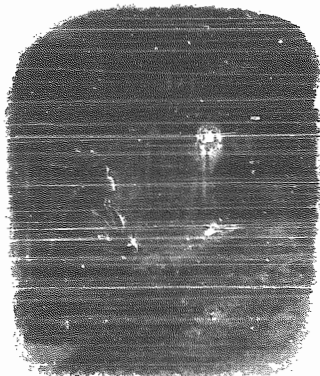
Oh, what hours you have spent in controversy with it; when alone, I mean; and what stifling of it you have done with with the crowd. When evil, with its stealthy feet, creeps to the door of the soul, and sore temptation, with eloquent tongue, pleads its entrance. Conscience cries: "Do not consider it—do not allow it, shut the door against it—it will hurt you! It will spoil your happiness; it will leave an ugly mark upon your garments; it will cast upon your record what you will never want to look back upon; it will find feet with which to follow you; it will torture memory; it will shadow life—it will darken death! It is sin—and if only one sin, as much to be dreaded as a multitude, for sin is like the carrion crow, which never comes alone, but always has a flock in its train, and if you give admittance to the first all the rest will soon follow one by one. Oh, this guardian angel—Conscience. No step taken in life but the heart must go with it or against it. It can be wounded, or cramped, or seared—but it takes a lot to kill it. It was created for the skies, and who would not say it takes a lot to drag to Hell what was made for Heaven?"

SITTING on the curbway of a London gutter, with sore and bleeding feet, and tattered garb, a young girl whose face lost none of its exceptional fairness because of its exceptional sorrow, looking up to a star, shining as an angel's tear about to fall on the woe below, floated upon the foul air of the alley in a voice of infinite sweetness:

"There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright! oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright! oh, so bright!"

There music fills the
balmy air,
And angels with bright
wings are there,
And harps of gold and
mansions fair,
Oh, so bright! oh, so
bright!

So, amid foul surroundings, illegitimate circumstances, and wrong practices, when the heart has forgotten, the lip has been merry, and the mind gay, and the evil appetite—whether for the cup or the gambling table—godless amusement or worldly pleasure, has triumphed over right, truth, and justice, Conscience has sprung to the gate with sword aflame and cried: "What about your forsaken Bible, what about your ignored principles,



"SITTING ON THE CURBWAY OF A LONDON GUTTER."

what about your holy bringing-up, what about your mother's prayers?" The light of that lamp has flashed and re-flashed, bedazzling the way, and forcing a halt in the downward march as a great light in great darkness does do, and we stay, not seeing where to put the next step. So Conscience's lamp has revealed the blackness of the road. Each step led nearer and nearer to a greater and greater darkness—nearer and nearer to confusion and trouble; nearer and nearer an unblest grave; nearer and nearer the eternal plunge, the dark abyss of which can never be fathomed, and the angel-guardian has pleaded; stay, young heart—stay—and think! Stay, father—the snows of Life's winter rest on thy brow; you are swinging in the balances of Time and Judgment! Stay, thou who art in the prime of life; you stand the connecting link between an everlasting, immovable past and an unending future. Let go the treasures of death—if sweet to-day, bitter to-morrow; if happy now, wretched afterward; if sunshiny weather, smooth sailing, balmy breezes at present—later, cyclonic blasts, beating billows, hurricanes of tears, regrets, disappointments, heartbreaks, beating the barque, ripping the flag of reputation, tearing the rigging of all prospects, bursting the side-beams of character, splitting the keel of foundation principles, and the whole of the great vessel is wrecked in the gale. *Shipwreck for Time, and the mortal man goes under; shipwreck for Eternity, and the soul is stranded upon the shores of perdition.*

Did somebody say their Conscience sleeps? Sleep!—did you say—

Voices Calling Us There.

WHEN I would like to remind you that there are voices from Heaven calling us there.

How can Heaven seem such a long way off when we have so many watching for us at the gate? Surely it is nearer than Greenland's icy mountains, or India's coral shores.

When the baby went through the valley, it seemed only a step—in fact, so short was the distance that when the Gate of Paradise opened to let in the spirit bright, the light fell back upon our tear-stained faces, and some of us have never seemed quite to lose it. I have met several people whose countenances have not worn that cold, stern expression since the children passed into that warm, kind world, as though some tiny fingers held ajar its doors to let a ray of light rest upon those left behind.

You remember, when you made a very pillow of flowers for the sweet, fair face, how real Heaven seemed—how near—so near that you said, as you put hot kisses, jewelled with tears, on the still, cold lips, "Mother will soon be there, my pretty, mother will soon be there." Can the little voice ever cease calling? Can the din of life ever be so great as to drown it? Can the photograph of the star-like eyes and the dimpled chin, hung in the heart, ever become so dusty and worn with earth's up-hill climbing as to hide it? No! no! You don't need to find the little shoes, or look at the left playthings, or open the drawer where the unused clothes lie. No! heartless as the world may be thought, I have found that no rumble of



"WHO CAN FILL HER PLACE? NO MATTER WHO SITS IN THAT CHAIR, IT WILL ALWAYS BE EMPTY."

your Conscience sleeping? How long has it slept? Can you live in such a Christian city and your Conscience sleep? Can the church bells ring out—can "Rock of Ages" creep through the stained-glass windows and rugged door—can innocence in the eyes of the children laugh—and your Conscience sleep? Can there be the continual passing of the hearse, crowding your cemeteries—and your Conscience never hear the tramp on toward another world?

You may have gone a long way down on the dark track, and your heart, which used to be tender and sensitive upon the questions of right and wrong, become hard and callous, but I am quite confident you have found it a cruel, thorny, pricking, tearing road for the feet. At every turn in the decline God has thrown some obstacle in the way—some memory, cutting to the quick, some sting from the lash of guilt coming down upon the shoulders, the heart, the brain, or the home; some slaughter of a treasured virtue, leaving remorse to sit upon the throne it used to fill; some heart-break, some corpse, some volcano of condemnation to be climbed, and Conscience, though crushed and bruised, in the strength of its eternal life, has made it harder to go to hell than the cross-shouldering can make it to go to Heaven.

Oh, man! Too great! too vast! too truly God-made to bring about his own destruction without a terrible struggle. MAN! the masterpiece of God's creation: greater than the Earth: longer lived than Time! The stars will fall, but he will stand—worlds shall be done away with, but he will remain—*Eternity is his life-time, God Himself is his Father, and Heaven his home.*

life's chariot wheels, no thunder-clap of its calamities, no cries of its claims, no moans of its sorrows, can drown the sky-voices.

Perhaps the voice which reaches the deeper recesses of many here is that of a *mother calling*. Some thought her gentle pleading tones were silenced long ago; that others had filled the place. There may have been things about the world and life that have appeared to try and crush out her memory, but how could they? Who, or what, could be as her? Could money, with all its exacting demands, so hard to get, and then we have no 25c. which may not hold a promissory in our bankruptcy—can the world with its best treasures so empty—can our friends who have their own interest first to look after—can amusements, which always stay behind dropped curtain, or sink beneath waxed floors—or even the children—can even the children take her place?

At the close of day they nestle their heads upon our shoulders and tell us their troubles; or the doll's eye fallen in, or the horse's leg fallen out, and we wish our mother was here that we might do the same; tell our troubles as freely—how some of our pretty things have crumbled, and our hopes fallen, just in the same unexpected manner. She always listened; always understood; always saw the best side in us, and most admired any of our accomplishments; our errands—well, with abundant mercy she covered them, and by her tears and entreaties, and often sacrifices, did her best to heal up the sore places our sins had made.

Who can fill her place? No matter who sits in that chair, it will always be empty; who strokes back the curl from the brow, the touch will always be different. The doctor, who was intensely kind, and particularly

interested in the case, could not detect the hectic flush as soon as she could, neither could dear father, who thought the world of his boy, hear the cough as quickly. It was mother—and, believe me, her voice can never be silent. She knows your name, and no matter what honors were yours, or what changes took place, she never called you any other than George, or Eva, or Frank, or Alice, and if a thousand people said your name at the same moment, you would know which voice was mother's. *Do you hear it calling now?*

HE would leave home; he would go! The grey-haired mother, with deep furrows in the brow, shoulders somewhat rounded, and a step which seemed all the steeper for a strong arm to lean upon, said with a good deal of emotion in her voice, "Well, George, you know you said when your father died that you would remain with me—anyway, that you would be a dutiful son, and do what you could to fill the breach." Clearing her throat—"Perhaps there is some little arrangement I could make," said the mother, contemplating new sacrifices she could make, and more of her savings she could spend, "to make the city life a little brighter for him." But all this lovely thoughtfulness was wasted, for the boy would go. Some wild fancy filled his brain, and tempted by evil companions he left home for the far North-West.

Years passed away—heart-break, and the sickness of hope deferred tugged away at life's last tendril, and one day she said, "I am dying. Is there not some machine into which I can speak, and I will speak again when I am gone?"

The machine was brought, and she was held up on the pillows to talk in the phonograph. Life was far spent, and the effort cost her a great deal. The voice was very much broken; the sentences somewhat disconnected, and the goddess man who brought the phonograph was so moved by the scene that it was with some difficulty that he wrapped up the cylinder with great care, and left it in the dying woman's keeping. Her dying wish was that the record should reach the boy. God put an angel's wing under it which bore it straight to him.

A man who was traveling in the far West with a phonograph, for a living, tells the sequel of the story:

"I was giving an exhibition in Arizona, and a big, rough fellow took a great notion to me and my machine. He came and listened to everything that I had, and paid me several dollars at times, and yet he didn't seem to care for the music. One night he began asking me questions about the machine, and after a while he asked me if the wax things, meaning the records, were all the same size, and would all fit my machine. I told him they were, and he went away.

"The next night he came in and asked me if I would shut the door, and let no one else in, for five dollars. I was a little scared, and he said: 'I only want the door shut for a little while, but I don't want anyone else listening to the machine talk.' He looked so kind of wistful that I agreed to his proposal, and shut and locked the door and came back to my machine. Then the man opened a box that he had, and there were two phonograph records, carefully packed in. He says: 'I want to hear these,' and handed the box over to me as if he were afraid to touch 'em. One was marked No. 1, and I took it out and put it on the machine. Then he put the tubes to his ears, and I put my tubes, like I do, to see if the machine works right. I hadn't much more than started the motor when the machine began to talk. It was a woman's voice, and began by saying: 'Tom, my dear, dear son, I will not be alive when you come home, and I want to talk to you before I die.' I caught on that it was something private then, and took the tubes out of my ears, but I couldn't help watching my customer, and see the tears runnin' down his face, and in a minute he put his head down on the table and I could see him shake all over with the sobs he was trying to keep down. When the cylinder ran down to the end he never looked up, but I took the record off and put on No. 2. When that run out he was crying like a baby, and just made a motion with his hands for me to put 'em through again.

"After I had run 'em off five times, he

got quiet and took the tubes out of his ears. 'If I could only talk to her, too,' he said. 'Who?' I asked. 'My mother,' he said. Then I packed the two records into a box and he took them away.

"The Salvation Army folks told me afterwards that this man had come in to them one night and just went up to the bench in front and knelt down as if that was what he had come for. They prayed with him, and he was what they called 'gloriously converted.' They said he went right to talkin', tellin' how well he'd been brought up, and how he had gone wrong and wandered around until he got news of his mother's death, and then the box came and a message from his mother, which sent him round to the Salvation Army.

"I tell you what! When I think of those two records, I feel like taking my machine and joining the Army, or traveling round getting records from folks whose boys, or husbands, or brothers have gone away, and then hunting for the folks they talked to. I'd rather help to get a feller feeling like he wanted to 'quit his meanness,' like Sam Jones says, than to make a thousand dollars."

OH, what exquisite intermingling of Earth and Heaven, Divine and human working for the salvation of this man!

Anybody here praying for a wayward child? Don't give up; *all Heaven is with you.*

When a heart goes out into the wilderness to find a lost one for the Kingdom, all the love of Divinity comes down to show Nature's love the way, and the two meet and join hands, and interweave a chain, and to every link of human love there are ten thousand links of the Divine, until there is no depth of sin and depravity, no chasm of heart-break and life-wreck that it cannot reach, and reaching, then all the chains forged in the furnace of Golgotha agony take hold, while angel and seraph, and arch-angel, with one stupendous, Heaven-echoing, Earth-reaching, heart-thrilling shout cry: "Up, up, up!" and the soul is lifted and saved.

Oh, this great limitless, measureless, everlasting love of God—sweeping all space; covering all differences; loving all sinners! Bring forth all the ladders of the earth and chain them together by immortal band, and yet I cannot climb its heights. Bring forth all the lines, and weight them with the woe which broke Christ's heart, and yet I cannot fathom its depths. Lend me the six wings of Isaiah's seraph, yet I cannot sweep its circumference.

Love surpassing understanding!

Angels would the mystery scan;

Yet so tender that it reaches

To the lowest child of man!

Love that comes right down from streets of light to the mud-walks of earth, coming to find man in his depths, that it may lift him to its height, before the shades of eternal night sweep the sky of his "Day of Grace."

The whole world is full of enquiry. "WHAT

IS RELIGION?" Does anyone ask it here? I have a quick answer.—It is the love of God in the heart, and love will push its way, giving the whole life its coloring. So does God's love. It runs into everything, and religion is of no value unless it can fit into every circumstance of life.

I have no faith in that so-called Christianity which is like a best jacket—hanging on the back on the Sabbath, and hanging on the door all through the week. Beautiful in the pew, but useless in the kitchen. Can go with a man to church on Sunday, but cannot go to the store on Monday in case it interferes with the sale of the goods! No, no! *my religion does for Victoria the Queen, or for Mary the cook.* It does for the merchant and makes accurate statements about his merchandise. It does for the lawyer, and keeps him from distorting the truth in the presentation of his case. It does for the architect, and spreads between the bricks well-tempered mortar, instead of unslackened lime. It gets into the fish-monger's basket and declares the value of a true tongue as well as "fresh fish." It does for the wealthy—holds back hands of oppression from the poor, and makes them to place hands of tender ministrations in their stead. It fastens in the human breast the heart of a Saviour, and makes

JOHN HOWARDS for the dungeons;
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES for the wounded;
ELIZABETH FRYS for the prisoners;
SHAFTESBURYS for the costers;
FRANCES WILLARDS for the defenceless;
MINISTERING ANGELS for the children, and
WILLIAM BOOTHS for the down-trodden, oppressed of every land and clime.

Oh! my Lord Jesus, grant that out of this vast crowd here this night some soul may seek Thee; some heart shall ask Thy forgiveness: some feet that have wandered shall wear out their wanderings ended; some eyes, wearied with straining after the things of this world, shall catch the light shining from loved ones' faces. And Thy dear visage marred—marred for our transgressions, when Thou wast bruised for our iniquities, and didst take upon Thee the chastisement of our sins in that dark, dark Calvary hour. Providing our healing by those many stripes which smote Thee, in that measureless ocean of torment which beat up against Thy cross in one great wrathful, irresistible surge, tossing over Thy broken body all our sicknesses and griefs, and carrying all our sorrows and sins.

"Think, O Jesus, for what reason Thou didst bear Earth's spite and treason; Nor me lose in that dread season; Seeking Thee my worn feet hasted; On the cross Thy soul death tasted; Let not all these toils be wasted."

Faith Leading There.

WHEN I want to point out to you that Faith is the only road by which we can travel there.

The tracks laid down for the journey to the better world are laid exactly upon the same principles as those upon which we run the whole machinery of this. The principles of trust. Stop the faith man has in man, and the whole commercial wheel gives a jerk and halts. We could no more travel by sea. We should have no confidence in the shipwrights who laid the foundations of the vessel, or the Captain who walks the bridge at mid-night, or the pilot's integrity of character and knowledge of the rocks to steer us through the "Narrows."

We should no more travel by land. We should doubt the ability of the engine-driver to watch and obey the signals, and the signalman to give them at the right time and place, and feel quite sure that flames would be dragging the soles from our shoes, and scorching the skin from our faces, through the old man, wit, that black, greasy box forgetting to put sufficient oil on the wheels. Stores, banks, warehouses, factories, institutions of every imaginable description would hang their blinds, empty their rooms, and the whole world, while want and hunger played the Dead March, would tramp to the funeral of a world's aggression. And if trust is the only means by which we can come into possession of these natural



"I COULDN'T HELP WATCHING MY CUSTOMER, AND SEE THE TEARS RUNNIN' DOWN HIS FACE."



"The Visitation"

YULETIDE STORIES



BROTHERS:

A Tragic Tale of the Yukon.

By ADJT. F. MORRIS.

IT WAS Christmas Day, and in keeping with their usual custom, the members of the family of B— had gathered at an old homestead to spend their Christmases. There was a certain tinge of sadness in this particular festivity, as plans some of them had laid for the coming year made it improbable that all would meet again. Indeed, this was very unlikely, as both parents were nearing their "three score years and ten." There were but two boys in the family, Bert and Ned.

Bert, the eldest, had devoured the papers' thrilling accounts of fabulous wealth discovered in the Klondike. He had made up his mind that, as soon as Spring came, he would be off. In fact, it might be added that Bert, of late years, had seen little of home, having roamed through the States from one end to the other.

On the other hand, his brother Ned had never been but a few miles from home. Somehow, he felt it his particular duty, though the younger of the two, to stay with the old folks, and endeavor to make their last days as pleasant and as comfortable as possible. But since Bert's home-coming this Christmas, his mind had undergone a change, as his brother had poured into his ears stories of the wealth found in the golden creeks of the North. Bert explained how, in a few short days, one might be lifted from poverty to great prosperity, so that it is not to be wondered that Ned's head, for the time, was turned, and at the earnest persuasion of his brother, determined to leave the old home for a time, and accompany him the following Spring to the Klondike, both assuring the aged parents that in a few short months they would return in a much better position, financially, to make their remaining days full of joy.

It was on a May day that the two young men waved their handkerchiefs out of the air window to the old couple who stood straining their eyes, bedimmed with tears, to catch a last glimpse of their boys' faces. Then the poor, broken-hearted old man, and his wife hanging on his arm, wended their way homeward to pine for those for whom they love knew no bounds, and eagerly watched for their return.

All went well with Bert and Ned until they reached the Coast, when they immediately boarded an overcrowded steamer for St. Michael, intending to push up the Yukon from that point and reach the gold fields before the winter set in. But they were delayed by storms; at times it seemed as if the vessel would never reach the harbor—the waves rose mountains high, and the stout ships seemed the shells cast hither and thither by the angry waves of the sea. Men who, but a few moments before, were using curses vile, now prayed for his hand to be stretched forth and calm the storm. The tempestuous billows delayed the boat, which reached St. Michael so late that the night that originated up the river had ceased.

Bert and Ned, in their desperation to reach the land of treasures before all the claims were staked, decided to line a boat up the river. The suffering and privation this entailed cannot be described to those unaccustomed to be described to those unaccustomed to such a life of hardship. Days, nay, weeks, passed by, and still they were far from their journey's end. The thermometer then lowered to many degrees below zero, and the river filled with ice, so that it was no longer possible to navigate. Both at this time being strong, they decided to fill in a few weeks until the dumb ice formed a solid body, by the profitable occupa-

tion of wood-chopping, and sell later to the boats which ply up and down the river while navigation is open.

They were succeeding very nicely until Ned began to sicken, and then came the long, lonely watch of Bert, and his mad endeavor to save the life of his brother, who lingered through that long, dark, cold winter. A case passed that way, and the sadness of the experience of those two alone in the Arctic woods can never be described. At length Bert, in his desperation, decided to drag Ned on a sled to the cabin some twenty miles distant, where a man lived who knew something about medicine. Although this distance was covered twice, no good resulted, and Ned weakened day by day, and Christmas found them in this solitary condition, with Bert endeavoring to fan the small spark of life which yet remained.

The lonely and sorrowful watch continued until navigation was about to open the following Spring, when hope was rekindled by the passing of a boat ploughing its way up the river. Immediately Bert endeavored to halt it with a white handkerchief stretched on a long pole, but the boat passed on. A few days afterwards another came by, but the captain of the vessel in this instance was so brutal as to refuse to take the sick man aboard, giving as his reason that he did not wish him to die on his boat. It was only a few days later that Bert, weak and sadly beside the dying couch of Ned, and with an agonized heart closed the eyes of his parents' youngest child and his only brother. Death, from a human standpoint, when it annihilates those we love from our side under the most favorable conditions, is not enough; but under such circumstances as these it is something heart-rending.

Bert, after this terrible blow, did not care what became of him. He hardly



knew, in his dazed condition, where he went, or what he was doing, but somehow he managed to scramble into Dawson about the beginning of the following winter. He had roamed about in the vicinity of the city endeavoring to find work, but had been unsuccessful. It was while away on one of these expeditions up the creeks with a heavy heart, that the last few bits of things he possessed in the world, in the way of a tent, blankets, and a few cooking utensils, were so heartlessly stolen from him. He had left his tent, with his little belongings, on a vacant plot of ground in Dawson, returning a few days later to find everything gone.

At the conclusion of one of our little meetings in Dawson, Bert's and exceptional tale was told to one of our Army officers, whose heart for him was brimful of love and compassion. The dear fellow was taken to the Shelter, and all that hearts, actuated by divine compassion, could do was done. Food was provided and he was tenderly looked after, and his Christmas of '90 was made the happier as he shared the sumptuous dinner provided for a hundred and more of Dawson's poorest. Later on in the little hall, that Christmas night, Bert testified to the saving grace of God.

This summer Bert himself was taken ill with typhoid fever, in that far-off region, some weeks ago, at that time mortal was laid to rest in the ice-cold soil; but, thanks be to God, there is every reason to believe that Bert is waving the palms of victory in that land where cold and heartache and privation are unknown, for Bert's Christmases will be spent in Heaven.



THE PHANTOM

AT THE FEAST.

(A Legend.)

By STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.

THE centuries were not yet in their teens. Outside, earth's table was spread with a fair white cloth, within a snowy background supported the substantial viands of the feast of Noel. Nothing was wanting to justify the title, "An old-fashioned Christmas." From the grinning hour's head, forehead of the 18th century sacrificial turkey, to the flowing wassail bowl, everything was in keeping with those classic and civilized celebrations of Christmas—eating and drinking. At the old-time excesses, our more refined savagery lifts up holy hands of horror, yet our forefathers were not half so foolish as we think them—perhaps less so than some of their more enlightened descendants.

Maybe some dawning of the incongruous merriment with the sacred memory fitted through the mind of the child Osburgha, who sat in one of the mullioned windows, spying out the story of the shepherds from the parchment Gospel.

"Gold, frankincense, and myrrh"—strange gifts for Christmas-time. I wonder they didn't kill one of their sheep and cook it—father would have. But I don't think father gave him anything. Oh, how I wish I could tell him how glad I am he came to live and die for a little mad like me." And the child's big eyes filled with big tears, for the story of the manger and the cross had taken deep and tender hold of the little heart.



Meanwhile the feast had begun. One by one the great dishes were brought in by attendant slaves, and quickly carved. Feasts of rapid despatch were executed while the brimming flagons refilled glasses lifted high to pledge each other in the Yuletide toasts. Merriment was at its height—jest went the round—every face was smiling—every laugh was ringing.

"Say, father," said one of the younger knights, leaning forward to address the jovial-faced family confessor, whose cassock and cowl in no sense prohibited him from joining in the fun to the full, "couldn't thou not manage to arrange two Noels in thy calendar? Such a scheme would merit thee thy canonization."

"Nay, Sir Bertie," laughed the priest, "be not too hasty in thy wish to double the festivals of the Holy Church. For if thou couldst have two feasts of Noel, thou must also have two Lenten feasts."

"But, my knight could hardly live through," smiled the fair lady at Bertie's side. "Thou wouldst serve us better, father, if thou didst away with that grave and doleful season altogether. In faith, I never feel less likely to take the veil than at Easter. Surely it recommends thy religion but little to speak of such and things as death. 'Twere better to do away with the tragic tale of a murdered Christ—the story of an infant Saviour is easier to understand."

Whatever the priest's answer might have been, it was forestalled. An excited little figure sprang to the table and a shrill childish treble, exclaimed:

"Do 'way with Jesus on the cross—oh, you can't want it. It would make me so unhappy to think that Jesus

never died. We wouldn't have any heaven, or anything. Oh, I'm quite sure He wouldn't have come to live for us, if He hadn't come to die."

The priest looked down gravely at the earnest little face uttering the big theological truths in such baby fashion. But those were days when children were not permitted to speak with their elders, and a chorus of derision and mockery caught up Osburgha's words.

"Come, come," exclaimed the jovial host, looking down his excited countenance, "what is all this fuss about fasting? A truce to such gloomy forebodings. Fill up your glasses, knights and ladies. Let us be merry and let us be merry. Let us appreciate the good things the gods send us (Sir Wulfrie's Christianity was of recent date). To-day you may as well drink your all—aye, more if you care—and the Church will smile."

And amid the hubbub of hilarity which followed, the child was hustled back to the window by her mother, with a warning not to think of or speak of such things as that she was too young to understand.

For hours the feast went on. Those were the bad old days, when to get drunk on state occasions was considered quite in keeping with the knightly spirit, and as the time for the welcome carol Christians sang of recent date, the celebration had become a carol.

The hour of mid-night struck, and the priest, with lighted candle, according to custom, led the way to the door. The lords who were sleeping awake, the ladies who were gossiping hushed their chattering, the surfs who were quarreling ceased to quarrel, for the welcome to the Christ-child. As the minstrels struck up the weird chant, the castle portal swung on its hinges, and the calm moon-light peered in upon the flushed faces of the revelers, whose giddy merriment seemed in another contrast to the stately serenity of the night.

"Noel, Noel, Noel," rang out the refrain. With the last note the ceremony ended, and the company rushed back to the lighted interior, as if glad to escape the reminder of the sacred event which that revelry was supposed to commemorate.

"A last glass, sir knights, before the dawn breaks," said Sir Wulfrie, flinging open the banquetting door. But no one entered.

A Presence was There.

At the head of the festive board, still covered with the remains of the night's feast, the lord of the castle's place was taken by One, Whose form, though ethereal as a shadow, changed the whole aspect of the room. What had looked resplendent now appeared tawdry—the emptied flagons, the wine-stains on the cloth, and the wine-traces on the drunken faces, the gaudy gowns and jewels, stood out as if distorted by contrast with the majestic purity of that silent Figure.

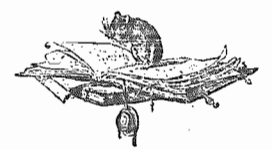
The Face, thorn-crowned and worn, was turned towards the horror-stricken group in the doorway, with a gleam of ineffable sadness, but the hand with the great nail-tear in the palm was outstretched towards the mullioned window, where the little child still had her place. For a few short seconds that pale, tender glance looked on the people—and then—was not.

"It was a phantom," screamed what ladies had not fainted.

"A specter," echoed the knights. "The saints preserve us," murmured the priest, "it was the Shadow of Easter."

Only the little Osburgha said:

"It was the Lord."



THE PICTURE OF THE MONASTERY OF MADONNA DEL SASSO

BY MAJOR J. F. SOUTHALL.

THE quaint old building in whose custody is entrusted one of the treasures of the world of sublime things, is situate about half an hour's climb from the medieval town resting at the base of the mountains on which the monastery is built. This mountain may be described as a steep cliff projecting from the Alpine range; and the interpretation of the name of this pilgrim resort—Madonna del Sasso—is "Lady of our Rock." Though the distance was short, it seemed possible that we might be compelled to abandon the pursuit after the object of our quest—the great picture by Ciseri. The sun blazed relentlessly upon us from a glorious Italian sky, though happily our attention was somewhat diverted by the scenery around and below us—which was charming beyond description. When about half way up the mountain, we looked back upon the town of Locarno, and its beautiful lake of lovely green, which, shimmering in the brilliant sunlight, and in the rich setting afforded by the valley carved out between the mountains, looked like an emerald dropped from the skies.

After a series of rests, and fruitless efforts to cool ourselves by absorbing streams of perspiration in our handkerchiefs, we at last reached the steps of the monastery. The scene below—and which I have already attempted to describe—was increased infinitely by the view afforded from the porches of this twelfth century building. Looking back over the steep pathway we had just climbed—and which was wide enough to use as a carriage drive—were posts, which showed where heavy gates had hung, suggesting that in centuries past, before science had penetrated the strongest part of the mighty Alps and sent fire and steam through them, it had been a shelter, or retreat, of some kind. An extract from the guide book states: "The situation of Locarno is especially charming, and elicits, at once, an exclamation of delight, as the blue waters of the lake come in sight. Sheltered from the northern winds, by the over-hanging hamlet-dotted mountains, with the mirror-like surface of the lake before, and a wealth of magnolias, laurels, and chestnuts about it, Locarno invariably charms and fascinates the arriving stranger. To obtain an excellent view of the entire surroundings, one should ascend to the pilgrim church of the Madonna del Sasso, standing on a wooded cliff above the town, and containing a painting by Ciseri," representing the Procession to the Tomb."

Possibly, too, some of the followers of the Assisi may have traversed that same path, in the days when the soul of Francis still lived in his followers—but which, all too soon, was slain by a deadly asceticism—until about all that remains of what was once a mighty, throbbing, fiery influence is a mere inanimate external semblance.

As a spiritual narcotic, it is difficult to decide by the standard of history which is the more destructive to a pure and aggressive religion—asceticism or worldliness.

The Picture.

Turning from the splendid scenery in which our spirits had fairly revelled, we now ascended the steps in keen anticipation of finding the object of our efforts—the picture by the modern Italian master, representing and known as "The Procession to the Tomb." The tranquility of the place, and a worshipper here and there, seemed to give a sacredness to the place. We walked softly, and soon found ourselves stand-

ing before a shrine over which hung, enclosed in a gold-covered frame—the picture. As my eyes rested upon that magnificent product of the painter's brain and brush, my soul was moved in sublime emotion. How long we gazed—my comrade and I—motionless, and in silence, I cannot tell, but those minutes passed as a dream, though the impression made upon my mind and heart will never be forgotten.

Some of Its Lessons.

Having recovered from the first thrill occasioned by this elegant production (the value of which may be judged by the fact that an offer of \$80,000 has been refused for it), I sat down to further contemplate its beauty. Soon I found my mind wrapped in a serious study of some of the practical lessons it taught. Only seven figures—only seven soldiers—to stick to the finish. I think of the crowd He has healed of physical and spiritual diseases and infirmities—and also those He called to take their stand beneath His colors. Yes! there is Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus supporting the feet by means of the winding sheet. May we not have expected that Peter, who had, but a few days before, declared he would die for his Lord, would be one of the foremost to perform last honors to the One Who had conferred such blessings upon him? There is John supporting the upper part of the body, and then the four women following behind. Only seven out of the crowd!

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

Surely there is a duty in this supremely solemn hour for each of His followers to perform! and surely a place in that pathetic procession for each to occupy! The Bible gives a concise explanation—"They followed afar off." That statement has always sounded like a gentle reproof to the cowardice of those who had been particular recipients of His blessings—while He was with them. But the real trait of cowardice seemed to stand out more prominently as I meditated upon that picture, and I considered how few out of the many who professed to be His followers—His soldiers—really stood by Him to the finish.

What volumes that thin procession speaks! What a record of desertion—of weakness—of

timidity—of fear—of shame—of ingratitude, and all the ingredients that go to demonstrate the absence of such qualities as constitute heroism and gallantry.

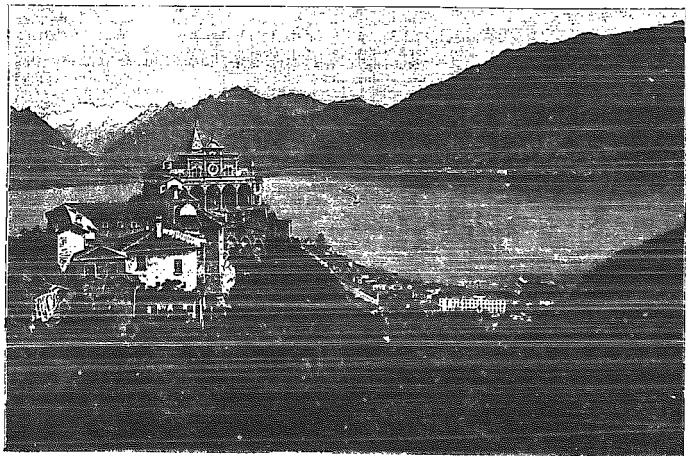
History Repeats Itself.

But—halt! Let us not too quickly condemn that little band of which He Himself had been the Leader. They had received a sudden shock. Events quite the opposite of what they had anticipated had transpired, and they were more or less dazed. The picture which was outlining the Divine plan was as yet unintelligible and without perspective. How much better would we have done than they? How much better would you have done? Having all the advantage of the finished picture, with its true perspective, as given in an open Bible, and the light and teaching of nearly 2,000 years—how much better are you **DOING** than they?

There is the same procession to-day. The same enemies—the same cowards—the same fighters. Though living under different conditions, that procession is as real at this hour as in that in which the few faithful warriors carried His body to its rocky sepulchre. We see there were those who followed Him for the blessings they could get—and some were sincere, too—yet could not stand the contempt, ridicule, and fierce opposition which, in the nature of things—seeing Christianity is in direct combat with the spirit of the world—is necessarily a part of the cross. So it is to-day. While Christianity is popular, and the crowds cry "Hosanna!"—oh, what enthusiasm—what singing—"what a delightful minister we have"—how nice to be a Salvationist," and so on. But when the *eclat* has subsided, and the popular feeling is reversed, so the crowd gets smaller, and the *winnowing process begins*—the cowards go—the self-seekers go—the worldly-minded go—the weak-kneed go—the kid-gloved religionists, renowned for scrupulously-refined tastes, and esthetic predilections, go—and the host of devotees of a dead religion, and pedantic formalists go. Why—who are left? That handful yonder. What, that all out of the crowd? Yes! History repeats itself. The few are the "regulars," the many the "irregulars." The few are the real front rank fighters, the many the faltering, timid, hesitating, half-hearted camp followers—"following afar off."

Where are You?

We have looked at the great picture of Locarno, and have followed its gradual enlargement up to the present moment. We have studied its front-rank warriors, and the story it tells regarding the "absentees." You say you love Him, and follow Him? Where is your place? Ah, yes, you are there—at the church service, or Army meetings, at its various ceremonies, social functions, and so on—GOOD. You contribute to the funds, and are interested in the work—VERY GOOD.



THE MONASTERY OF MADONNA DEL SASSO, ITALY.

Ah! What is this? Why this unsteadiness? A rabble?—fierce persecution?—an onslaught?—scenes of Gethsemane or Calvary? No! Why this panic, then?

Backslidings—jealousy—selfishness—slighted—looking after Number One—worldly desires—fear—shame—envy—malice—evil tempers—and several other influences, taking the form of demons, inspire disloyalty and cowardice, and cause wholesale desertions in the hour when He is most in need of His troops. Why—your place is vacant!—gone with the crowd!—a poor, wavering, cowardly camp follower. It may seem easy to stampede with the majority, and may afford a momentary satisfaction to think you are on the popular side, but you can never know the sublime enthusiasm that thrills the soul of the true warrior of Him Who has called you, and Who ever leads His warriors to certain victory.

Oh, fellow-comrade in the Army of the great church militant, let the waverings of the past die with the season, and as we stand on the threshold of another year, let His love inspire you to take your stand beneath His glorious colors with that unflinching determination that will put you in your right place, and ensure that our Great Captain will know where to find you, and be able to depend upon you to the finish.



THE PROCESSION TO THE TOMB.

A Prairie Plucking

OR

SEED SOWN AND ITS YIELD

By the Territorial Secretary.

CHAPTER I. Scotch Soil.

vinced that it is "the right thing." He is not to be charmed from his own natural course, sinful and wicked though it be, by a few emotional or sensational feelings, for, of all men in creation, it must be said that:

*"A Scotchman convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."*

No, it is the Scotchman's will you have to get at. It may aid you to hold his attention and interest, to work upon his sympathy and feelings, but that does not count for much if you do not move his will. When once convinced, however, the Scotchman coming over to your side gives you his hand, his pledge, his heart—he is there to stay. What power in this world, or in the world below, is there that can then daunt or overthrow him? To get a genuine Scotchman soundly converted and sanctified to God's will and service, therefore, is a good asset to the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The young Scot who forms the subject of this article, and who ultimately became the Army's prairie plucking, was reared principally at, or near, Fergus, Ontario. He had received strict religious training and was ambitious for ministerial or missionary enterprise, which ambition he consistently fostered until one day it was ruthlessly diverted from such a worthy channel to that of a more worldly course as the result of watching the progress of an athletic competition. Nothing could now gratify his ambition but to become an athletic expert. His religious ambition had been formed by a no stronger power than human passion, and the latter aim appealing the more powerfully to his human nature, the former soon became a thing of the past, so he drifted into sin, and, later, left home.

It was a bleak, cold day in February, '92, in the City of Winnipeg, when the young harness-maker, sent by the firm with whom he was then associated—that of the E. F. Hutchings, 519 Main Street—to the Salvation Army Provincial Headquarters, on Ross Street, to correct an

error in an account which that firm had rendered for saddles, etc., it had supplied the Army's outriders in the mountains of B. C. When a Scotchman's warm nature gets "fired up" and he becomes mad, something has to fly. The young harness-maker was nearly frozen as he prowled about Ross Street for some length of time to find the desired spot. The frost had two effects. It made the Scotchman's body cold—icy cold; it made the Scotchman's temper hot—red hot. The stiff penetrating breeze fanned the flame. Hatred for the Army which sparkled in his breast supplied the fuel, and when eventually his eye caught the words, "Prepare to meet thy God," "Where will you spend eternity?"—the only decoration which adorned the window of the Provincial Office—there was a mighty strange blending of North-West cold and Scotch heat in the frame of the young harness-maker.

His religion was that of Scotch Presbyterian, and he had too much reverence for it to be able to respect the more crude and irregular method of Army worship. He possessed a decent amount of self-control, however, and managed, though with a heavy strain, to effect his duties with the Army secretary. But on his way back to his business house the real soul of the young man's heart was made manifest, for with the plough of these combined circumstances, it had received a complete turning over, and could now do no other than to show its true condition. The venom of one memory brewed and foamed within him. He had been to the Army once, as the outcome of which he had asked himself, "What are they but a pack of f—s?" When in that Army meeting the manner and procedure of the Salvationists so riled him that he could no longer contain his self-control, and it was only the firm threat of Sergt. Hobbs to "throw him out if he didn't behave himself" that kept him anywhere near the line. This incident was hard to forget, in fact it would not be forgotten. Nor did those absurd texts in the Army's window add to his comfort. They were as a set of harrows, full of nasty snags, tearing through the already ploughed-up soil of his aggravated nature, and when finally he reached 519 Main Street, and was made all sorts of fun of by "the boys" in the employ of the Hutchings firm, the flame of passion reached the degree of white heat, and the Army, the accountant, the Provincial Officers, the weather, and all concerned, were sent down to—a warmer place—in pretty straight and strong language.

Prairie soil is noted for three things: For its color—blackness; for its depth; and for its richness; or, in other words, its ability to bear a heavy crop of whatsoever kind of wheat you may choose to scatter upon its surface.

(Continued on page 26.)

HE heart of a Scotchman is accepted, almost the world over, as being "good soil." Someone has said, "A Scotchman who is good is good, but a Scotchman who is bad is a d—." Be that as it may, there is scarcely a commercial, political, naval, or military organization, a philanthropic, educational, or temperance society, a mission, church, or religious community of any prominence or popularity, which does not possess as one of its important, if not its chief factor, some valuable contribution of Scotch blood, and scarcely has there been a battle of any significance, much less a victory of any moment, won by any of the above-mentioned organizations, societies or communities unless immediately in, or near, its front ranks was found an element of Scotch enterprise, Scotch shrewdness, and Scotch valor.

Who but a Scotchman could bring the Colony of Newfoundland into such commercial activity and prosperity as that indicated since the hand of "Reid" has been placed upon its resources?

Who but a John Macdonald could command and hold the balance of Canadian political power for so many as eighteen consecutive years?

Who can better appreciate than the British Army in South Africa the daring unconquerable Scotch regiments?

Where would the Presbyterian Church be without that Scotchman, John Knox?

Prominent, too, among our officers, soldiers, and supporters are many able, generous, and reliable Scotchmen. It is not the easiest task in the world to get a Scotchman converted. You are not likely to accomplish that, even by the grace of God, until "Donald" has first looked at all sides of the question, and is himself con-

JAPANESE TOTTINGS

*Memos of
Progress and Blessing
in the Land of the Rising Sun*

JAPAN, who astonished the world by its phenomenal development when it opened its ports to foreign commerce and adopted Western civilization, has ever since been a country of more than extraordinary interest to the white race. In extent, it is a trifle larger than Great Britain and Ireland; its population is about the same. The Japanese are an enterprising race; intelligent, quick to learn and to imitate. The Japanese army and navy, in organization and efficiency, ranks among the first of the world.

The Salvation Army has met with considerable success in the Land of the Rising Sun. Of course, the difficulties of operation in a country whose people are practically ignorant of Christian ideas, history, and teaching, are exceptional. A brief sketch of the present condition of our Army, and its prospects, has been forwarded to us by Colonel Bullard, the present Commissioner of the Army in Japan; we give herewith his summary:

We are simply charmed with the country, and still more delighted with the people, although we have only been here seven months, and our experience during the few months that we have been here has raised our hopes very high for the future.

In the forward movement of the Empire, as may be expected, the Salvation Army is not behind.

The number of OFFICERS is steadily increasing month by month, and for courage, devotion, and loyalty to the Flag, they will favorably compare with their comrades in any part of the world. This has been particularly evidenced during the past two months by their daring enterprise in attacking the haunts of vice.

We have at present three Districts, one under the command of Adjutant Newcomb, who was for several years in China, and whose sister was massacred there two or three years ago, while two other sisters are still there braving the dangers, and unwilling to leave their people at this time of trouble.

Ensign Robson, an Australian, is another D. O., while Capt. Yabuki, a very successful Japanese officer, is in charge of the Training Home and Training Home District. We now have a total of 67 officers, and 14 corps, also a number of outposts. In addition, we also have 50 commissioned Local Officers.

SOLDIER-MAKING is a difficult work, nevertheless we are advancing, and our soldiers are a splendid lot. They delight in uniform and in the most thoroughly aggressive Salvation Army methods. To fight the afternoon out, and to stay dealing with equifiers until after midnight, is the rule, and not the exception; and this is necessary in view of the fact that the majority of the people who attend our meetings have absolutely no knowledge of the Christian faith, and are neither Buddhists nor Shintoists, but without religion of any form.

THE MEETINGS are conducted on ordinary Salvation Army lines, but our barracks are small, with seating accommodation varying from 50 to 150. These are usually well crowded. The floor is covered with "tatami" (a very thick matting) on which the people sit, according to the Japanese custom.

MARCHES and OPEN-AIRS are, as in other countries, an important feature of the work, and in this respect, as in every other, we are allowed the

fullest liberty, there being no restriction to our employing the most out-and-out methods, the police and officials being exceedingly kind and considerate.

OUR CONVERTS come forward publicly as seekers eager to learn and anxious to do right, thoroughly sincere, but requiring a lot of careful watching and instructing. They are placed under no disability on account of their becoming a Salvationist, but, to the contrary, it usually raises them in the esteem and confidence of those with whom they have any connection.

The Japanese War Cry (*Tokko-Kyo*) is very popular, and is rapidly increasing in its circulation, the fortnightly issue having risen since the beginning of the year from 3,550 to 7,400, of these 700 are sent to Hawaii, where we learn, from Major Wood, that it is very acceptable among the large number of Japanese. It is bought eagerly and read with interest by all classes.

Stirred Up a Hornet's Nest.

A RESCUE HOME was opened about two months ago, and in connection with this we issued a special Rescue War Cry and attacked the licensed brothel quarter, with the result that a number of our officers and soldiers were roughly handled and badly injured. This caused a great sensation, and has created an agitation on the subject which has stirred the whole nation. It has been the chief topic of the newspapers, who themselves began an assault upon the system of vice, and by force rescued several girls from brothels where they were detained. The feeling aroused has been so great that the Government has issued a special notification on the subject, and the police regulations have been revised. Previously, owing to the pe-

culiar conditions and the interpretation of the law, a girl could not give up this life, or leave a brothel, without the consent of the keeper, whatever might be her desires, but now any girl who chooses may leave.

This agitation has brought about a great change in the whole aspect of licensed prostitution. A large number of girls are giving up this life, and the number of visits to the brothel quarters has tremendously decreased so that the keepers are losing on their business. They have just had a conference in the capital here, attended by representatives from all over the Empire to consider what they can do, for they are in a state of panic. The thousands of their hirelings have been stirred, and are rather loud in their threats, both against our persons and buildings. The Chief Secretary, Major Duce, and the War Cry Editor, Adj. Yamanuro were brutally attacked after visiting a girl who had appealed to us for help, though they were accompanied by six policemen. Our Headquarters and private quarters are guarded by police. We are able to render assistance to a large number of poor, broken-hearted victims of vice.

I cannot conclude without mentioning the **NAVAL and MERCANTILE HOME**, in Yokohama, in charge of Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Ellis, which is doing a very successful work; and the **PRISON GATE HOME**, in charge of a very capable Japanese officer, whose good work is fully recognized by the authorities, who are very sympathetic.

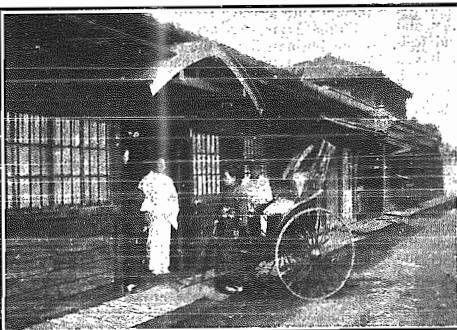
Our hopes are high, and we look to the future with confidence.



Redwood Bridge, leading to the Sacred Grounds, Nikko.



Entrance to the Imperial Palace, Nikko. Bell Tower, Sacred Grounds, Nikko.



S. A. Rescue Home, Tokio. A Japanese March.



Isezaki Corps and Barracks.



Colonel and Mrs. Bullard, Our Japanese Leaders.

DARKNESS AND DAWN

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY

by R. Oliphant Pickering

Chapter I.

THE SLUM.

Child are and winery winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I listen, and it cheers me long.



HE poet's words may bring an answering Yes from those surrounded by every luxury that lavish wealth and affectionate care can bestow, but to the inhabitant of the slum, whose life is worn out by the incessant grind of striving to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and stem the rushing torrent of poverty's black tide, there is no charm in this poetry, or beauty of imagery in the bitter blast and frozen air of winter's chill winds. To them it speaks of the darkening sky of their horizon; of the rising storm that sweeps over the ocean of life; of the surges of want and privation that threaten to engulf their barque; the knell of hope, the dirge of despair.

Close by the crowded thoroughfares of the world's greatest city—where side by side stand the homes of the millionaire and the pauper, connected with the brilliantly-lighted streets by many intricate passages, the meanly—stands the home of the hero of this story. Home! Nay, we will not cast such a stigma upon that sweet word—emblem of purest joy and strongest bond that bind human hearts; that casts a halo of glory around the cores and trials of life, lifting up with sunset splendor its winding paths, until lost in the greater glory of eternity's morn.

Sitting in a bare, top room of a rickety tenement house is a woman. Sorrow has lined her brow with deep marks; the pines of hunger and privation has whitened her cheek; the strained agony of her expression tells of the sweeping storms of woe that have well nigh overwhelmed her; the red eyes speak of scalding tears of bitterness that have been her only relief; the few rags in the corner, the rickety chair and table, the smoldering embers, the cries of her children for bread, make the term "home" a mockery and a sham.

Where is the one who, at the altar's foot, vowed to protect and cherish her? Where is the strong arm that should have smitten down every enemy that sought her hurt? Where is the heart that should have stretched her with love's tower from every blast that blew, and surrounded her with its sunshine and joy? Where is the voice that once spoke words of tenderness and filled the chambers of her soul with music? Gone—gone! Drink, the destroying fiend that scorches with its fiery breath, and murders with demoniac hate everything human and divine. Drink has slain him, his love for wife and child, his love for home, his self respect, his manhood—hopes for earth and heaven have been crushed out by this foul monster of hell.

Chapter II.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD.

MARTHA Mason's life was not all ways filled with grief. As she sits in the twilight of this winter's day, the dingy room fades away; she is again the bright-eyed maiden, whose spirit is as glad and free as the birds that fly o'er the woodlands of her na-

tive country. Her gaily of father and mother, the romps in the fields, the school-girl days the summer night when by the old meadow stile she had plighted her troth to Edward Mason, the handsome city carpenter; the happy day when the wedding bells rang out their merry peal, their first happy home, with baby Ned—all fit by as with panoramic vision. Then came the darkening of her sky, culminating in the bitter hour of her desertion with her three little children.

Her reverie was suddenly interrupted as her firstborn, Ned, rushed in. "It's no use, mother, I've tried and tried, I'll be sick."

No wonder he was discouraged, poor boy. Only eleven, and he knew the bitter struggle for bread. Then, catching sight of his mother's tear-stained cheek, he came and tried to comfort her.

"Never mind, mother. Things'll be better soon."

The broken-hearted mother kissed her boy passionately, while the scalding tears fell rapidly.

"I hope so, Ned; they're bad enough now. Oh, if your father would only come back and give me the drink, we might be happy again."

Ned tried to speak cheerily. "Perhaps I'll get a bit more, now Christmas has come," and soon he went off to sell his evening papers, and his poor mother turned wearily to the hard task of shirt-making, wondering if the sun would ever shine again on her desolate path. Would she ever know again the joy of a happy home? Wherever was her drink—cursed husband, a d crowd he ever come back? Must it ever be dark, and hard, and bitter, with a daily struggle for bread? Was there any place of refuge for her troubled spirit? As if in answer there came, wafted on the night wind, by the bells of an adjacent church, the music of that immortal song:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

Chapter III.

THE DISCOVERY.

T WAS Christmas Eve. The snowflakes were falling, only to be trodden under foot by the hundreds of thousands of pedestrians; ah, how like hundreds of that human stream! Once they were pure and innocent as the beautiful snow, but sin, in its thousand forms, had come in and spoiled them, until all vestige of their divine nature had been almost destroyed.

In spite of the uninviting weather and uncomfortable surroundings, the streets were thronged with people, and an air of festi-

ty reigned. Fathers and mothers were hurrying along with presents for their little flock; store-keepers were busily engaged supplying the various articles to make the season more enjoyable, while the newspaper boys shouted the latest edition of the evening paper, or the Christmas

number of the magazines. Amongst the latter was our hero, and his chum—Dick Groves. When a lull came, they got together to compare notes, as was their wont.

"I say, Ned," said Dick, "did yer see that in the 'Bite'?" The cove as 'as the paper'd give a thousand quid to yer friends if yer found dead."

"Will he?" asked Ned. "Who told yer?"

"Why, Tom Barton, the caddy. Ax 'im, and he'll let yer see the paper."

"He must be kidding the folk," said Ned. "Fancy giving away a thousand sovs. (pounds)."

"No 'e ain't," said Dick. "I'll ask Tom to lend us the 'Bite' and show it to yer."

"Oh," sighed Ned, "if I had a thousand pounds mother 'ud not have to work so hard, and what a lot of things we could buy," and the poor boy indulged in castle-building for a little time; but presently the van came round with more papers, and the news was kept in it, supplying the latest news.

Over and over came the words, "A thousand quid to yer friends if yer found dead." What a sum! No more shirt-making for his mother; no more cold nights in the garret without fire or food; Willie and baby Alice would not cry any more for bread, and mother unable to give it. Then glancing at his own poor tattered garments, he

thought of the good clothes it might buy.

The jostling, pushing crowd aroused him from his momentary reverie, and brushing a hot tear away from his eyes with the cuff of his jacket sleeve, he turned again to the work of selling papers, and, for a while, forgot the bitterness of poverty in the excitement of his work.

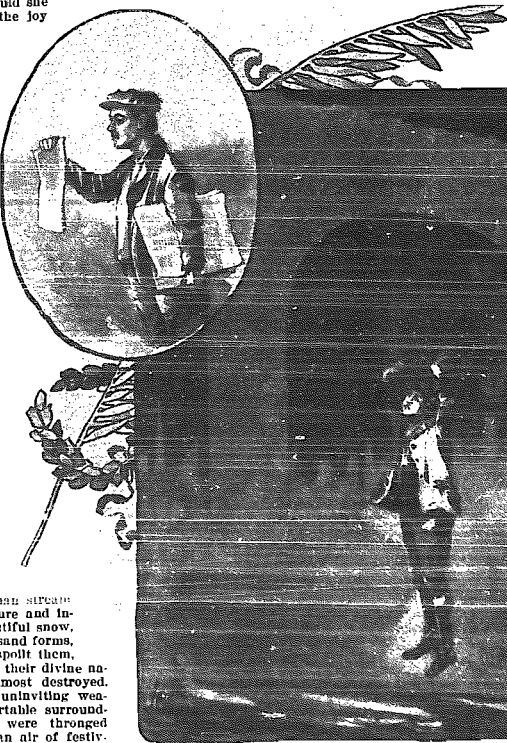
Chapter IV.

PEACE ON EARTH.

MEANWHILE the snow had begun to fall faster, and as it did to the general discomfort, a thick fog came up over the city, wrapping in its yellow mantle the dingy buildings and the hurrying multitudes anxious to get to their well-lighted and comfortable firesides. The church bells began their chimes, ringing out in gladness sound: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good-will toward men." From the gorgeous West-end palaces of the rich came the sound of gaily and mirth, all ablaze with light, with frescoed ceilings, garlanded by choicest flowers and filled with the most exquisite music—a glorious co-mingling of knowledge, art, music, beauty, and power. Is this the idealism of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men"? Nay! In the breasts of these luxurious flagships of society comes seldom pity for the shivering, suffering multitudes outside, who, like the Man of Nazareth, have not where to lay their heads. Wrapped up in their own selfish pleasures, they have swept along in the mad whirl of self-pleasing, heedless of the Christ whose birth is commemorated, until at last the lights are lowered, the music ceases, the laughter dies away, and the aching hearts, to which the sophistries of society, or the sumptuous surroundings of wealth can bring no relief, burst out—"all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Surely there is no peace here.

Thirteen thousand saloons, spread over this great city, are now in full blast. What motley crowds throng these haunts of ruin and death!

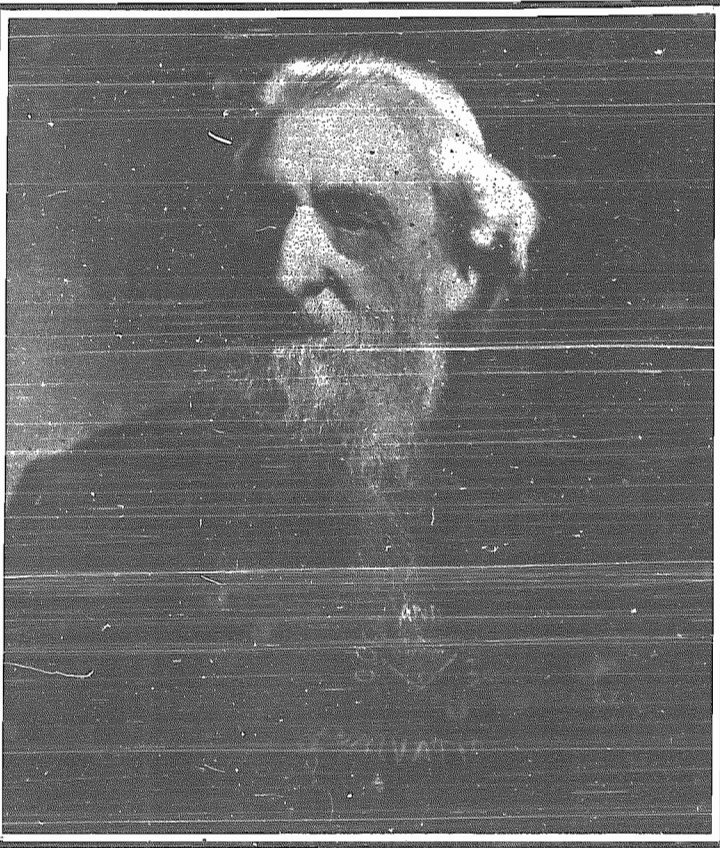
Continued on p. 16.



THE WORLD

FOR CHRIST

THE
WORLD
FOR
CHRIST



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH.



International Headquarters.
London, E.C. December 1900.

Dear Commission and
Counsellors of the Dominion of Texas
again reminds you of the love of your
Heavenly Father and calls on you to follow
the example of your Lord, in turning
your backs on ease pleasure, gain and
all else that might interfere with the first purpose
of Seeking and saving the lost.

You have already done wonders. The
story of your devotion follows true up and
down the world. But you must do better.
More glorious things are just ahead.
But like your Lord Jesus it will only be
by the Cross that you can reach the Cross.

I send you my Texas Greetings, the
assurance of my prayers, and action
on the time when I shall meet you again
either on earth or in Heaven.

Believe me as ever

Your Affectionate Friend
William Booth.

The Salvation Army



The Elder Commissioned
John Booth
London
Canada

STAND BY
THE FLAG



COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH.

EDITORIAL.

IN former years the secular periodicals and magazines recognized Christmas in their holiday issues by a distinct reference to the great Object of the celebration, and adorned their editions in suitable attire. Of late it has become the "fashion" of a great portion of the secular press to ignore the birth of Christ, either entirely, or make only a very brief reference to it. "It has been done to death," and "People are tired of the old song," have been said in defence.

We believe, however, that the Old Story which, by its matchless beauty and grandeur, has held its own these nineteen hundred years is still able to interest and captivate old and young. Therefore we have chosen it for the text of our Christmas Number, printing the same in the sublime simplicity of the evangelist's language, and illustrating it with two striking pictures: There were Shepherds in the Field, and The Nativity.

The leading article is, of course, "Toward a Better World," by the Commissioner. It will be read with pleasure and profit by all; its language is beautiful; its theme divine; its stories touching, and its lessons everlasting.

We have not space to comment on the other

various and numerous contents of this issue; there are short and long stories, bright and tragic tales, articles of instruction and interest, music and poetry, all of which are chosen with much care, and have been, with one or two exceptions, written purposely for this edition.

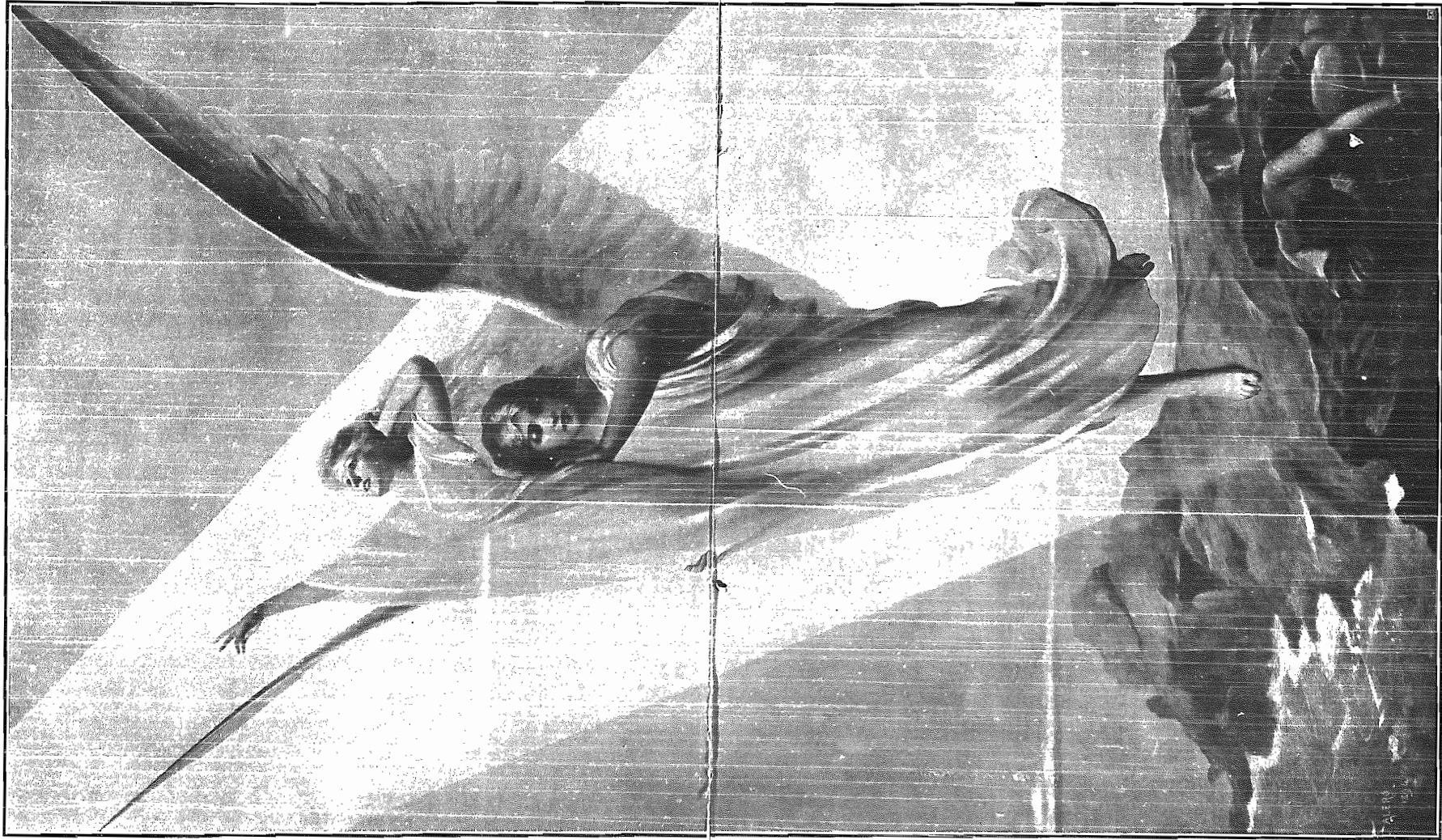
But we want to say a word of the splendid photo of our revered and greatly beloved General, who sends us his blessing. We have reproduced his message in facsimile. We can, without flattery or boast, say that we do not believe there is another man living who holds the sincere affections of so great a number of people, of almost all nationalities, as our aged leader, whom God has so exceptionally honored.

Then we have been fortunate to obtain a new photo of our Territorial leader, which will be pronounced the best yet. We think that the portrait appears very appropriately in this issue, since Christmas Day is the anniversary of the Commissioner's birthday. We are safe in saying that our readers are one with us in invoking the choicest blessings of Heaven upon her. Her excellent qualities as leader of this Territory, her unique reputation as a public speaker, and her practical sympathy for the poor and unfortunate need no comment—they are well known.

In the illustrations contained in pages 17 to

24 we wish to give a combination of practical and symbolical illustrations of the Army in this Territory. The Territorial wing has one Main Entrance: the Toronto Headquarters, which is the heart of the organization, personified in the Commissioner; the key-stone of the entrance arch is the Chief Secretary; on each side of him are to be seen the Secretaries and heads of Departments: grouped on each side of the Commissioner are other officers of the Centre. The design also shows the nature of work done at the T. H. Q. in some representative sketches. The Seven Pillars of the Temple are the seven Provincial Offices: their base of operation is situated in the city depicted at the base of each pillar: the capital shows the heads of the Provinces with the coat of arms underneath. The Door of Hope and the Door of Mercy depict some of our institutions and officers engaged in purely Social Work. The bricks and mortar of the great edifice is the rank and file represented by hundreds of officers from all parts of the Field.

Our Architect is God the Father, our chief Corner-stone Jesus Christ, our Designer the Holy Spirit. May we prove skilful workmen in rearing to the glory of God an edifice in which He shall always delight to dwell.



Darkness Dawn.

(Continued from p. 13.)

The old are there, with paled hands lifting the fiery liquid to parched lips, while with thickened utterances and mandibular drain they curse Him Whose glorious advent they thus celebrate.

The man is there, whose glorious unmanhood and Divine image is being blasted and defaced by the seductive, withering power of the arch-enemy—drinking until every vestige of manhood has disappeared, and he reels out, like an inhuman fiend, to ill-treat his wife and children, or perchance, blinded and befuddled, to sink senseless in the gutter, and perhaps be found by the policeman on midnight duty.

The mother is there, who, robbed of maternal love, forgets her babe, and seeks in the poisonous glass the oblivion of her sorrows, the obliteration of the claims of her children and home.

The young girl is there, with painted cheeks, and tawdry finery, proving the ways of transgressors hard. Tired of home restraints, she fled away, sat down to the banquet of devils, and joins in the dance of death. The hectic flush is already upon her cheek; her eyes are blazing with the fires of a fevered brain and a distorted imagination. She quaffs the burning spirit until, lashed by bitter memories, she staggers forth, while ten thousand moaning voices urge her to the cold waters to end her life, and so silence the taunting memories of her sin.

Oh, wretched host of men
Who satiate hold the way,
And so-called heroes mock our God
And say these things to be.

What a mockery! Pence, midst this carnival of hell! Pence, while the hurrying lava-streams of human vice mingle with blistering tears of human agony.

How discordant the bells seem! Is it all a sham? Is there no place in this mighty city where the angelic tidings find an echo? Is there not a place where pure spirits and loved-aliens are striving to bring "Pence on earth, goodwill toward men?"

Aye, aye! There are still the thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

Chapter V.

THE BOY'S SACRIFICE.

NED Mason reached his "slum home" to find his mother still struggling with the heap of shirts she had tried in vain to finish before the warehouse had closed. How cold it was; there was no fire; Willie and Alice sobbing in their sleep because of the gnawings of hunger.

Ned laid down the money he had earned by selling his papers, and with a sigh the poor mother rose up, to salve forth to purchase a few necessities before the stores closed; no Christmas fare came to that abode, no Santa Claus to embellish childhood's spring-ling with little gifts that bring such gladness to our children.

Poor Ned threw himself in one corner of the heap, rags with a groan. Oh, if he were only a man, and could earn more money, things would be different, and as he lay there with the unbidden tears coursing down his cheeks, again came the words of his mate, "A thousand quid to yer friends if ye're found dead." Ned would like to see that paper, he must find out what it meant. Sleep came at last, broken with troubled dreams, in which the thousand sovereigns, in shining rows, danced before his eyes.

Christmas Day dawned, revealing the city in its white mantle. After sharing a piece of bread with his mother, Ned sallied forth to find Tom

Barton, the caddy. A feeling of satisfaction came over him as he neared the cabman's shelter, and saw the familiar cab, indicating that the driver was near by.

"I say, Tom," said Ned, "ave yer a copy of 'Bits'?"

"Aye, lad; what for?" replied Tom, pulling out of his pocket the familiar humorous paper.

"Why, Dick Groves reckons that if yer 'ave a paper on yer, and ye're found dead, the blikie as 'as the paper gives yer friends a thousand quid."

"Well, that's all right; here it is," and Tom handed him the paper—"Yer kin keep it, lad, for a Christmas box," said the good-natured cabman, laughing, as he walked away.

Under the shadow of an arch, Ned spelt out the words again and again, and traced his finger tip over the space left for filling in the name and address.

A thousand pounds! How could he get such a sum! The few paltry coppers he earned by selling papers, matches, etc., was not much; he was only a boy; what if his mother got sick and died, she looked thinner every day, then what would become of Willie and Alice? He must do more, he must do more, and folding up the paper carefully and bestowing it in the pocket of his ragged jacket he trudged back home.

That night Ned tossed restlessly to and fro on his bed of rags and straw. Into his little heart came a passionate longing to bring and deliver to his mother, and his mother. How could he do it? The paper said, if you are dead—Dead!—the word startled him. Could he die to help her? He was not much use now, but if he could get that money she would want to more.

It did not occur to him what agony and grief the loss would bring his mother, the torturing anxiety his absence would occasion; he only thought of the help she would get. Next morning Ned prepared to go out as usual; he creased his way Alice more tenderly, and kissed Willie and his mother, saying, "Cheer up, mother, you'll get help soon."

Ned, full of his new determination, sought the cabman's shelter and got the loan of a pen and ink. With a great effort he filled in the name, and that of the court where he lived, and after adding a few other words, folded up the missive and placed it in his pocket.

The day dragged wearily on. Ever and anon he felt in his pocket to make sure the paper was still there, and a smile lit up his face as he thought of all the good things his mother could have.

The shades of night fell at last, and when the crowds began to get thinner he made his way to the foot of the bridge under which roared the waters of the dark river. He slivered as he stood for a moment by the water, and a tear trickled down his face as he thought of his mother, Willie and baby Alice, whom he would not see again. Then the words came again, "A thousand quid if ye're found dead with the paper on yer."

Yes, he would do it, and mother should want no more. Baby Alice and Willie should have good food to eat and good clothes to wear. He repeated a little prayer he had heard his mother say, and then with a sob and a smile lit up his face as he jumped into a "Good-bye, mother," a splash, a few drying ripples, and the waters rolled on as before. Pedestrians on the bridge above who had heard a splash, leaned over the parapet and peered into the darkness. "Only a fancy," they said as they went on their way.

A second man with whom I was dealing, when others were coming streaming to the penitent-form, which made me to move to make room, cried, "Oh, for God's sake, don't leave me! I am an awful sinner, and can't pray." Then he told me he was a deserter from the Queen's army, but must be saved and give himself up. God met with and saved him, and he went and gave himself up.

Meantime in the slum home sat Ned's mother, a fearful sense of sorrow weighing her down. Where was Ned? He was always home before this. Oh, if anything happened him, her only source of comfort was gone;

the one who, boy as he was, had soothed her griefs many a time.

"Oh, Ned, Ned!" she wailed in agony as the night wore on and he had not come, "where are you?"

As if in mockery there came wailed from the midnight sounds of laughter from the saloon at the corner of the court where she lived.

Chapter VI.

A CITY'S SHAME.

THE grey dawn of a winter's morning came stealing over the river, whose chilly misty sent a shiver even through the sturdy frames of the men who marked the night work on the stream. Looking over the murky waters one of the number espied a black object floating on the surface. A few strokes of the oars and he was up to it. It was the body of a boy, whose ghastly face and glassy eyes stared up into the sky. He had his body out of the water into his boat.

Reverently and tenderly the rough men carried their burden to the mortuary.

"Poor little chap," said one, "he's nigh all skin and bone."

Fifty stirred the hearts of the jury-men who, a little later, were summoned to view the body. They had seen many sad sights, but this one strangely moved them. The evidence is taken. The boatman who found the body in a husky voice described the scene. The police surgeon assisted to convey him to the mortuary produced a paper soaked with water, and which was taken from his pockets to discover his identity, and read from its pages, "NED MASON," and close by the words, "PLEASE PAY THIS MY POOR MOTHER'S BILLS."

Among the men of law and business the strange meaning. The boy had fondly hoped, when found, his mother would be given the thousand pounds, never dreaming the paper was only an insurance policy if death came by accident.

A weird silence filled that court of law as this remarkable tragedy of human suffering, woe, and noble self-sacrifice was made clear. Many a man whose heart had become crusted over with the selfishness of worldlyness found himself stirred to the heart from the heart of the Great Being Whose name and nature is Love, this wonderful sacrifice—rising as if in an unorganized appeal to the cold, cruel world:

"PLEASE PAY THIS TO MY POOR MOTHER."

It uttered a cry that startled the great city, until its millions heard the story of the brave little hero, who had died for his mother. It reached the mansions of the rich, and caused a momentary twinge of remorse as they were reminded of the utter selfishness of their lives: It shook the churches until the worshippers howled in shame, that in this, the richest and greatest city in the world, such a tragedy of suffering and despair, and unutterable love, and they were doing nothing to lift the burdens of the oppressed.

It reached also the slum garret, where a wee-stricken, desolate mother rocked herself to and fro in agony of grief. Was there none to help? Should the blood of this little martyr cry out in vain? Could none be found to launch a life boat on this storm-swept sea of poverty, suffering, and oppression, and brave the surges and dangers to rescue others? Yes, oh, mother, thy bitter cry is heard in heaven, and tell their celestial faces in shame at "man's inhumanity to man"; heard by a Saviour Who trod the path of sorrow and grief before thee; heard by a people whose leader stands out, Moses-like, as an apostle of the poor. The darkness has been long, and in the inky depths of the midnight sky God has hung a lamp of hope; thy darkness shall give place to the dawn of hope.

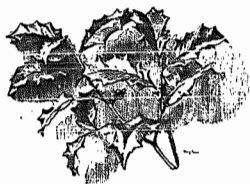
Chapter VII.

THE DAWN OF HOPE.

BITTER indeed was the agony of that mother's heart when first the news reached her, but help was at hand. Climbing up the rickety stairs, were a number of mercy, clad in the garb of St. Martin's Soldiers; their motto, "Blood-and-Fire"; their message, an uttermost salvation that reached the souls, the circumstances, the sorrows, the woes of the human hearts. The rags were taken away, hunger appeased, the troubled soul found anchorage in the Shelter of St. Martin's; the wounded spirit was healed, and the clouds were rolled away.

In a Shelter of the Salvation Army, a poor wreck of humanity crept as a last hope; it was the once-handsome Edward Mason. Health gone, money gone, character gone, he turns to the only people he knew could help him, and through the portals of the Salvation Shelter he went on into the cleansing river of the crimson blood. With a clean heart, his feet are placed on the ladder of hope once again, there is joy of heaven and a share in it, there is also joy on earth. After having been separated by sin and drink, Edward Mason and his wife and family are again united. We will drop the curtain over the sacredness of their re-union, but rejoice that the dark night of sin has passed away, and the dawn of salvation morning has come.

Reader, when enjoying your bountiful Christmas fare, remember those who, with loving hearts, are seeking to stem the currents of evil and have the brothers of sin and woe. Send your gift in the name of Him Who chases away the darkness, and brings hope to every soul.



THE REASON WHY.

By EMILY BRADLEY, Adj.

THE reason why, I cannot tell, I know "He doeth all things well," And I shall know the reason why When comes the blessed by-and-by.

In days gone by, a simple lass, I stood from whence two ways did pass—

One path my friends turned to pursue; My Lord said, "Nay, not for you!"

I served my God as well as they, Better perhaps, "Why say me Nay, To joys unfolding to my gaze, When others walked such easy ways?"

Enough! My soul dare not rebel! I know "He doeth all things well"; Since then I've found His way for me Compared with theirs could never be.

A better way? Oh, yes, by far; With Jesus first, what then can mar My peace of soul? With Him I'm blest,

He satisfies my each behest.

Seems He to ask me once again To choose to walk a way of pain; Is enough, Lord, just to know That Thy sweet will would have it so.



THE TERRITORIAL WING

OF THE GREAT EDIFICE WHICH THE WORLDWIDE
SALVATION ARMY
 IS RAISING TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND THE SALVATION OF MANKIND



The Commisclouser is seen in the centre under the cross. Immediately underneath is the Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs; to the left of him, downwards, are Lieut.-Col. Margetts, Territorial Sec., Brigadier Friedrich, Editor; Major Horn, Trade Sec.; to the right, downwards, are seen Brigadier Gaskin, Gen. Sec.; Major Collier, Asst. Gen. Sec.; and Major Smetton, Comptroller of Finance. The wives of these officers are in corresponding order opposite the arch on each side. The group pictures comprise: (left) Adj. Morris, Col. McMillan, Staff-Capt. Crutcher, Ensign Morris, Ensign Fenton, Staff-Capt. Nason, Ensign Armstrong, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Crutcher, Capt. Lamin; (right) Adj. Welch, Capt. Stollifer, Staff-Capt. Page, Capt. Cann, Staff-Capt. Mrs. Stinson, Adj. Grizzle, Staff-Capt. Morris, Adj. Mitchell, Ensign Jamieson, Adj. A. L. L.



Newfoundland Province.

Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp, Prov. Officers.

This British colony has welcomed the Army in a remarkable manner. Its total population outside of St. Johns is not very large, and is scattered along the rugged coast in numerous inlets, out-harbors, and islets, yet we have in operation there 123 corps and outposts.

Many of these corps are difficult to reach, quite a few by boat only, and, therefore, communication with our comrades in winter is subject to much and long interruption, and the War Cry is often not seen for weeks and months to those outlying places.

Our fourteen day-schools are doing a laudable work. In St. Johns we have nearly two hundred scholars, and very efficient teachers. We are training, with much painstaking, our own teachers now.

For number of conversions, soldier-making, and attendance at all meetings, considering all things, Newfoundland tops the Territory.

Our officers of this colony are hard-working and self-sacrificing in their endeavors to advance the cause of God and the Army.

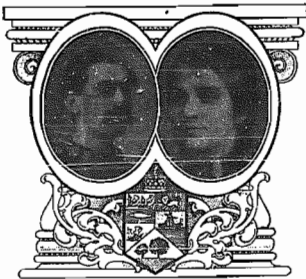
The soldiers of this ancient colony rank among the most enthusiastic of the world; even though they are mostly poor, as far as this world's goods are concerned.

A slum-post at St. Johns, a Rescue Home for fallen girls, and a Poor Man's Food and Shelter Depot look among the Social Work of the Army in Newfoundland. The island is rich in minerals, and its resources are only just developing.

The railway, which was built by the Government in recent years, will facilitate the opening up of the country to industries that have been only in their infancy in that colony. The Army will always have a firm hold upon the Newfoundlanders.



Adj. Turpin, Assistant.



The Eastern Province.

Major and Mrs. Pickering, Prov. Officers.

comprises the large field of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Bermuda, also a few corps situated in the State of Maine, which were opened and are now supervised from St. John, on account of their close proximity and easy access from there.

The Eastern people appreciate the Army, and this congenial spirit is quickly felt everywhere by the visitor.

The Commissioner, who has only recently returned from a series of Officers' Councils and public meetings at St. John, is full of praise about the spirit of devotion and loyalty of the officers and soldiers.

This is the largest of the Provinces, having under its direction 73 corps and outpost, with 155 officers. Its soul-saving record during the last twelve months is excellent.

Major Pickering has also successfully conducted the tour of the Salvation Hand-Bell Ringers, who, in eleven weeks, saw one hundred souls saved, and raised \$1,000, which cleared off many corps debts.

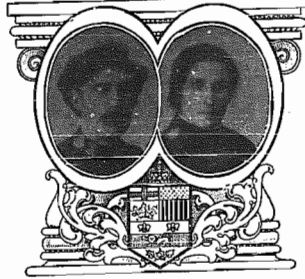
A distinct advance has been the new Social Institution for Women, which the Commissioner, a few weeks ago, opened at St. John, and which has been fully written about in a recent issue. The addition of a Training Home for Nurses will be a great help to the extension of hospital work in other parts.

Bermuda has been a late addition to the Province, but can show some fine corps of faithful soldiers. About sixty of the Worcester Regiment, which was stationed there until the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, when they were ordered to go there, were Salvationists.

Ensign Andrews, T.F.S., a credit to God, the Army, and their country on the battlefield, and have also been the means of a number of their unsaved comrades seeking God.



Staff-Capt. Phillips, Chancellor.



The East Ontario Province.

Brigadier and Mrs. Fugère, Prov. Officers.

comprises East Ontario, Quebec, and Northern Vermont State, U. S. A., and is made up of 47 corps and outposts, and 90 officers. The leading corps in the Province are Montreal I., Kingston, Ottawa, Peterboro, and Barre, Vt.; we have a membership of about 500 soldiers.

Montreal I. has many faithful and devoted soldiers of many years' standing, and some remarkable conversions have taken place. X— was a terrible gambler, and when the Salvation Army found him he was in a very destitute, helpless, poverty-stricken condition, with the toes sticking out of his boots, having wandered far from his home. He had been a Queen's soldier in his earlier days, and he was first helped through the "lighthouse" step by step he was led to seek God. For years now he has been a Salvationist.

During the present year we have secured a glorious victory by gaining full permission to hold open-air as in other cities. Jail meetings are now also being held by the Salvation Army.

The work at two officers who hail from France, namely, Adj. Robert and Capt. Gabbit, the latter officer having only recently arrived. In some ways the work is hard, but we have some faithful French-Canadian soldiers, amongst them Bro. Drolet, who is now Sergt.-Major of one of the city corps.

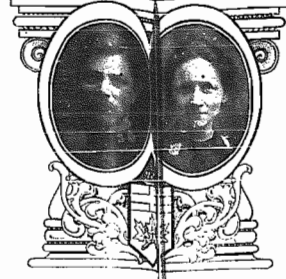
Quebec, the Rock City, has been noted for its former riots and bloodshed.

Kingston, E. L. J., the League of Mercy here, which is composed of soldiers of the corps, has been doing a good work in visiting the penitentiary, holding meetings and distributing War Cry among the prisoners of that institution.

Peterboro can boast of having the best-organized Junior corps in the Province.



Staff-Capt. Burditt, Chancellor.



The Central Ontario Province.

Major and Mrs. Turner, Prov. Officers.

as the name implies, comprises our operations in the districts in Ontario nearest Toronto. Brigadier Gaskin, who is the General Secretary at E. O. Q., is the Chief Provincial Officer for this Province, Major and Mrs. Turner being the Assistant Provincial Officers.

A notable feature of this Province is the large number of outposts which are worked in connection with the regular corps. In its Districts are composed the oldest corps of Canada, and to relate the remarkable stories which could be told in connection with the past life and conversion of numerous soldiers of many years' standing would fill a large volume. Shag Jimmie, Dad Walton, and Mabel Knibbs are a well-known trio still to be seen on the platform of our old number one corps in Toronto. Other well-known Toronto stand-bys are Ben, Lillie, "Colonel" Mitchell, G. J. Jim Melroy, Dad Watkins, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Bowers, Jake Carol, all many others whose names are words throughout the whole Territory.

A thorough-going work is progressing among the ladies of Muskoka, which take in the Salvation Army like a duck to water.

Riverside corps has moved into a splendid new brick building, comprising Barracks, Junior Hall, and Officers' Quarters. Out property improvements are contemplated.

The Dynamite Brigade, a quartette of Spiritual Specials, has recently begun a tour through the Province, and is reporting very satisfactory results.

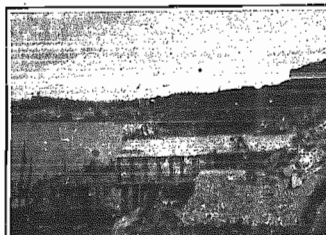
Brigadier Gaskin points out that this Province has 502 Local Officers, and also a healthy development in the Juvenile Work and the Band of Love.



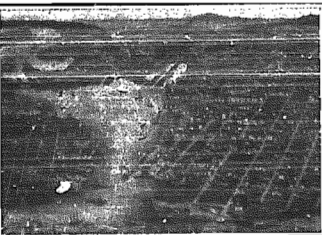
Capt. Stanton, Chancellor.



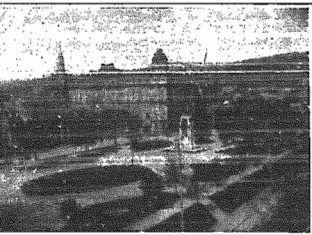
Adj. Burrows, T.F.S.



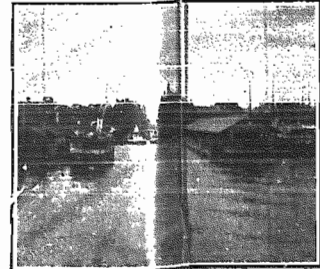
St. Johns, Nfld.



St. John, N.B.

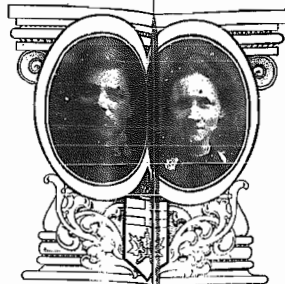


Montreal, P.Q.



Toronto, Ont.

LARS OF THE TERRITORIAL TEMPLE.



The Central Ontario Province,

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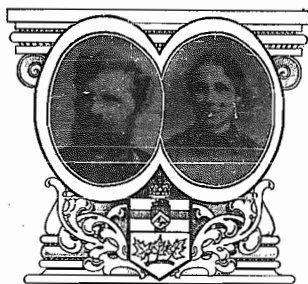
A thorough-going work is progressing among the ranks of Muskoka, which inke to the Salvation Army like a duck to water.

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Adjt. Burrows, T.F.S.

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The West Ontario Province,

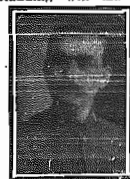
Major and Mrs. McMillan, Prov. Officers, has its centre at London, Ont., and controls the Army work in that portion of Ontario lying West of Toronto. Its District centres are Brantford, Chatham, London, Petrolia, Clinton, and Simcoe; and it contains, with the Central Ontario Province, the oldest corps of Canada. The Districts are commanded by such tried and well-known officers as Adjts. Mc-Gillivray, Coombs, McHarg, Orchard, and Blackburn. The distances between corps are short, which allows for frequent gatherings of officers.

London is the banner corps of the Province. It has many old stand-bys on its roll still. Sergt-Major Andrews and wife are a fair sample. The Sergt-Major is an old soldier of the Queen as well. Before he was saved he was a man to be avoided; when under the influence of liquor he would clear out a bar-room all himself. He has proved for many years now a monument of Saving Grace. Specimens like this may be pointed out in the majority of corps of this Province.

London corps furnished one of the Canadian braves who laid down their lives on the veldt of South Africa. Bro. Geo. Floyd was the only man killed at the Sand River. His blood-stained Bible was returned to London to the one to whom he expected to be married upon his return.

The population of the cities and towns occupied by the Army is very small; it is, in the total, far behind the other Ontario Provinces, yet its standing will make very favorable comparison with any other part of the Territory.

A new barracks has been opened recently by the Chief Secretary at Chatham. One or two other corps, Brantford and Sarnia, have building schemes now under contemplation, and will probably be commenced soon. Guelph and London properties have also been improved.



Design Hoddinott, T.F.S.



The North-West Province,

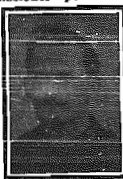
Major and Mrs. Southall, Prov. Officers, is distinctly peculiar to itself. With but a sparse population, its ramifications are, in many cases, far apart—some corps having a stretch of between 200 and 300 miles between each other. The Province extends from Fort Arthur to Edmonton—1,400 miles. In some of these prairie corps a splendid work has been done. Many who have been converted here have traveled in different parts of the world.

Its 41 corps and outposts are divided into six Districts. Three Social Institutions are situated here: A Rescue Home, a Men's Shelter, and a Timber Limit. The Army opened at Winnipeg late in 1886, but it spread across the plain like prairie fire.

Then there have been many who have been notorious sinners. "Father" Cook, for instance, of Grafton, N. D., was an absolute drunkard, gambler, etc., etc., and is now nearly 80 years of age, converted only five years ago. Soon after the Army opened he made his way to the Cross, via, the penitential form, and has been a real Blood-and-Fire soldier ever since. Though unable to get about much, he usually manages to do a good stroke in the annual efforts, and in helping the local work.

The past year has been one of activity in the building line. Winnipeg, by the generous help of its citizens, has been able to erect a large four-story building. The splendid new Citadel was opened by the Commissioner personally a few weeks ago. Also Carberry, Lethbridge, and Selkirk have built new barracks.

The Army is a recognized factor in the West, and receives generous support from the warm-hearted citizens of its cities, towns and villages. North Dakota has done splendidly in spite of the almost unparalleled failure of crops this season.



Ensign Perry, T.F.S.

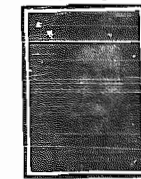


The Pacific Province,

Major and Mrs. Hargrave, Prov. Officers, is the youngest Province of the Territory, having been formed as recently as 1895. There were a few of its present corps earlier in existence—four in British Columbia were formerly attached to Winnipeg P. H. Q., and five in Montana and Washington to the former Seattle D. H. Q.—but for economical and other reasons, it was found advisable to create a new Province, with Spokane, Wash., as the base of operation. The results have fully justified that course. Today we have 32 corps in operation, with 78 officers, and five Social Institutions, which are, on the whole, meeting with much success. The opportunities of the far West are unlimited. The people are open-hearted, generous and very friendly to the Army.

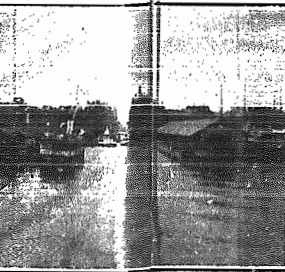
The phenomenal growth of the cities in the wilderness, and the discovery of the precious metals, continually give opportunity for the expansion of our work in that Province, especially in British Columbia.

Among the soldiers of the Province we have the greatest percentage of present-day miracles. Men and women who had been given up as incorrigible have, under the Army's influence, been re-fashioned in newness of life and are to-day living wonders to those who knew them in former days. Victims of the opium habit have been reclaimed by the scores; especially successful in this work was the sainted Capt. Ida Bennett, who was shot in Spokane by a man whose advances she had refused. But not only the desperadoes and deeply dyed, but representatives of all classes may be seen in the Western corps.



Ensign Staiger, T.F.S.

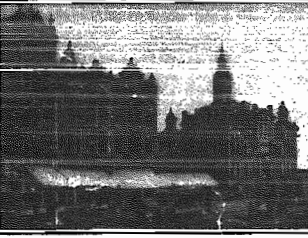
As the West will develop, so will our work grow and, in time, become one of the mightiest institutions to build up character and true Christianity.



Toronto, Ont.



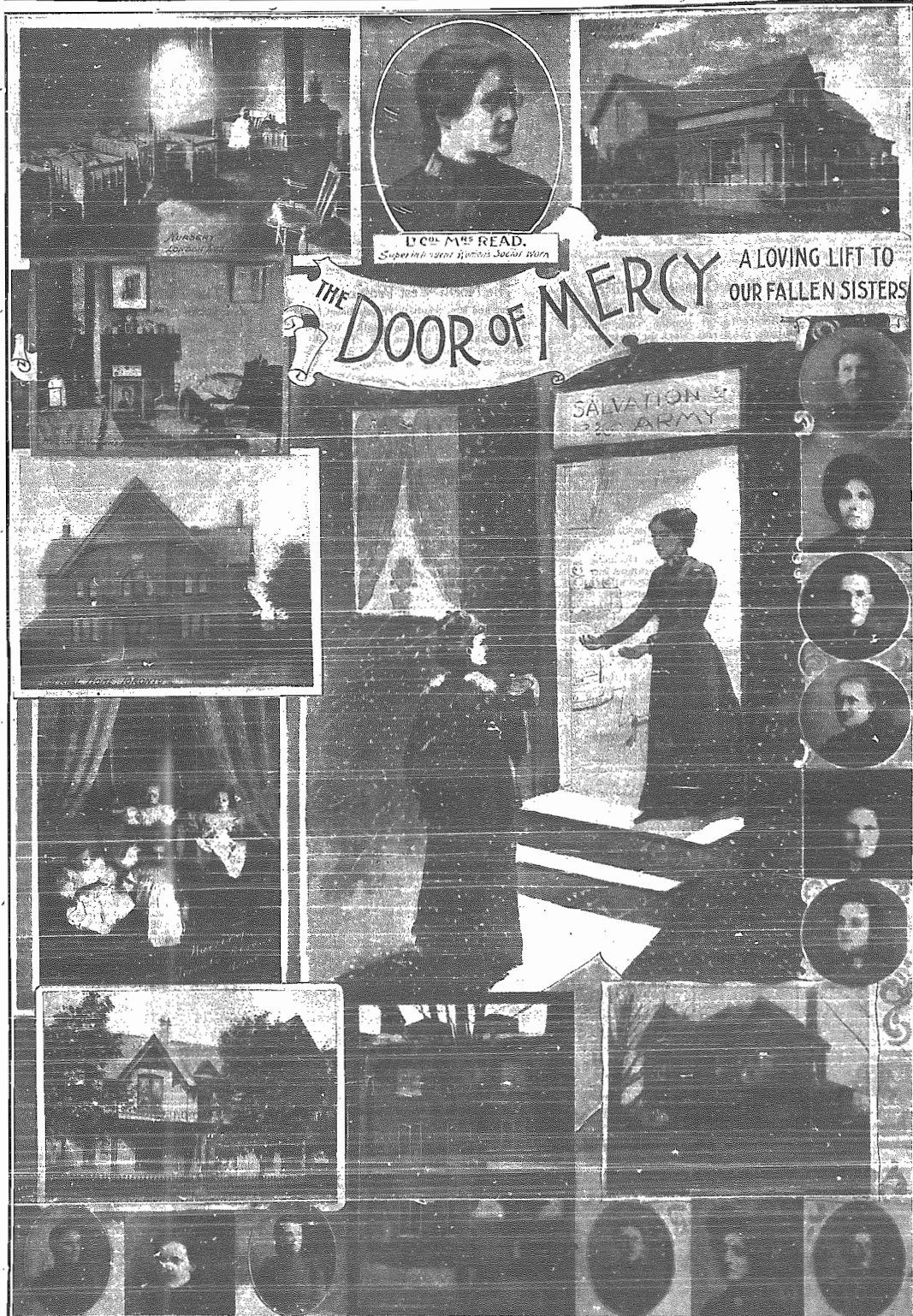
London, Ont.



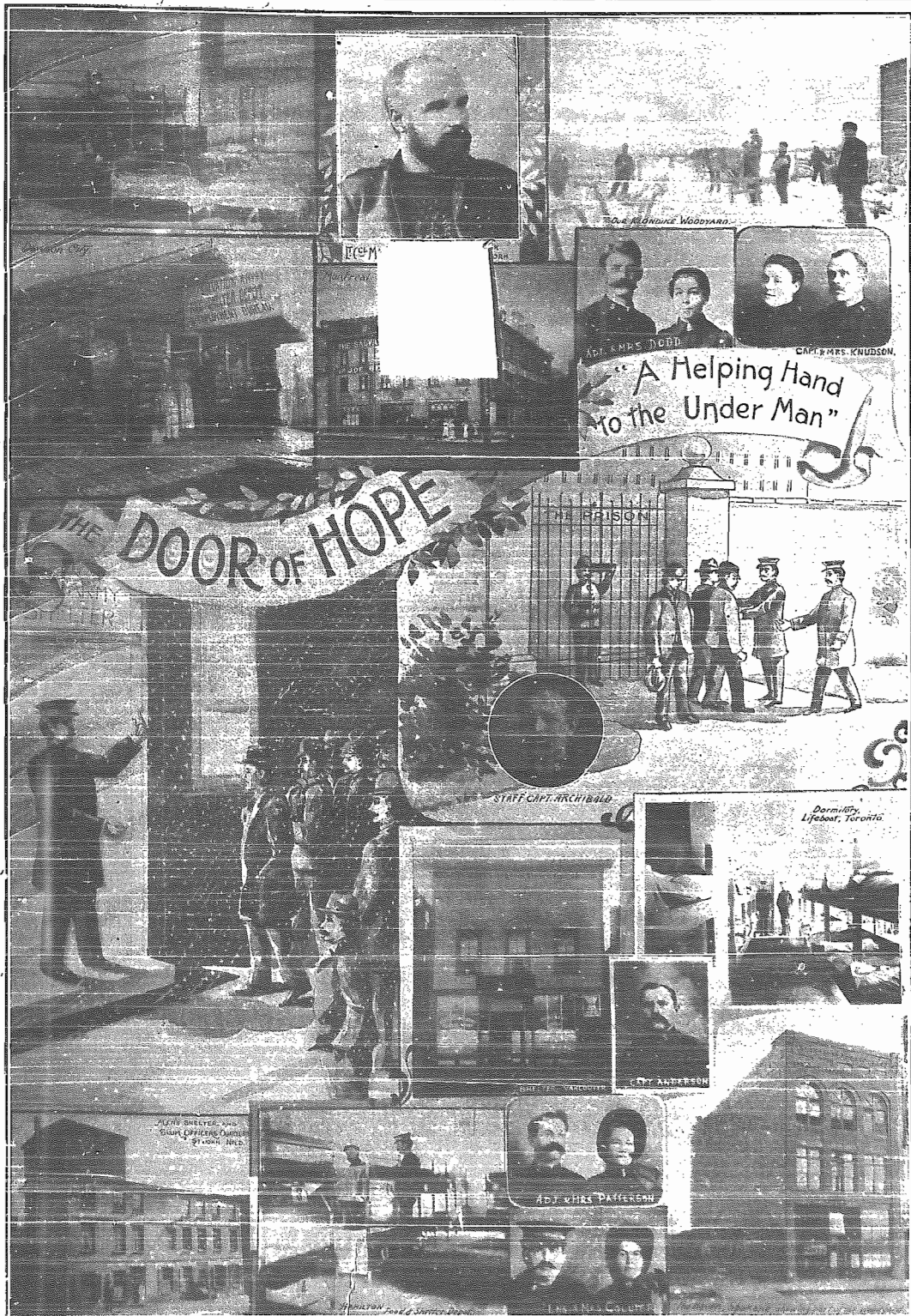
Winnipeg, Man.



Spokane, Wash.



The Women's Social Work comprises twelve Rescue Homes, two Women's Shelters, one Hospital and one Children's Home. Sixty-eight officers are engaged in it, twelve of whose photos are shown above. They are: (at the foot of page) Lieut. Lunters, Lieut. Reeves, Lieut. Edwood, Staff-Capt. Cowan, Capt. CRUICK: and Capt. Taylor; (at the right, downward) Capt. McKinnis, Capt. Buck, Mrs. Ensign Fayne, Adj. Jordan, Enlist Riley and Capt. Hendell. Others: (not on page 24).



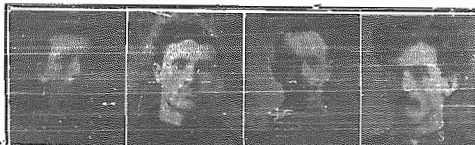
OUR PRISON GATE WORK COMPRISES TWELVE FOOD AND SHELTER DEPOTS, ONE PRISON GATE DEPOT, THREE COAL AND WOOD YARDS, AND ONE FARM COLONY.

EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC PROVINCE.



1st row.—Capt. Vance, Capt. O'Neil, Ensign and Mrs. Williams, Ensign and Mrs. Jones, Capt. and Mrs. Carter, Capt. McNaney.
2nd row.—Adj. Robert, Lieut. Liddle, Capt. Downey, Capt. Wilson, Capt. Owens, Ensign Sims, Capt. Dawson, Capt. Magee,
Capt. Cook. 3rd row.—Capt. Slater, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Burditt, Capt. Woods, Capt. Comstock, Adj. Kendall, Capt. Grose, Mrs.
Adj. Moore, Capt. Gammaidge, Capt. Ash. 4th row.—Capt. Edwards, Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Capt. Young, Ensign Verre, Capt.
Norman, Capt. Bloss, Capt. Pitcher, Lieut. Pittman, Capt. Crego. 5th row.—Capt. Randall, Capt. Stainforth, Capt. Lang.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.



1st row.—Capt. Beech, Capt. Coy, Lieut. Greenwood, Capt. Hancock. 2nd row.—Lieut. G. Yeomans, Capt. White, Adj. and Mrs. Wakefield, Capt. Dowell, Adj. and Mrs. Coombs.
Capt. Campbell, Lieut. H. Yeomans. 3rd row.—Lieut. Plant, Lieut. Fennacy, Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn, Capt. Brooks, Adj. and Mrs. McInnis, Capt. Scader, Capt. Huntington.
4th row.—Lieut. Crane, Capt. Gibson, Ensign and Mrs. Sloc, Adj. Orchard, Capt. Williams, Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Pickle, Capt. McCutcheon. 5th row.—Capt. Dravagan,
Capt. Jardison, Ensign Jarvis, Capt. Whitteker, Capt. Burton, Capt. Harman, Ensign Hellman, Cand. Bennett, Capt. Burrows. 6th row.—Ensign Gaultie, Capt. Horwood,
Ensign Whitteker, Capt. Crawford and Capt. Mathers, Capt. Harkin, Capt. Ringler, Capt. Slater, Ensign Howcroft, Lieut. Harrow First Knuckle, Ensign Scott.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.



1st row.—Ensign Bloss, Staff-Capt. Galt, Capt. and Mrs. Brown, Capt. Gain, Adj. and Mrs. Hay, Capt. Scott, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor. 2nd row.—Capt. Sheard, Mrs. Adj. McGill, Lieut. G. Smith, Capt. Meredith, Capt. Miller, Ensign and Mrs. Cummins, Capt. Ziebarth, Adj. Smith. 3rd row.—Adj. McGill, Adj. Babbington, Capt. Noble, Lieut. Johnson, Lieut. Boyer, Capt. Walruth, Capt. Krell, Capt. Beaumont, Capt. Kenney. 4th row.—Capt. Southall, Lieut. Tippet, Adj. Stevens, Adj. and Mrs. Ayre.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.



1st row.—Capt. Mitchell, Capt. Wick, Capt. Feil, Capt. Wilcox, Capt. Brandser, Capt. Anderson. 2nd row.—Capt. Buason, Capt. G. Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Gillam, Lieut. Lenwick, Adj. and Mrs. Bradley, Lieut. Hall, Ensign A. Hayes. 3rd row.—Adj. Kerr, Capt. Brown, Capt. and Mrs. Williams, Capt. Wick, Adj. and Mrs. McAmis, d, Capt. White, Lieut. Dunster. 4th row.—Ensign Dean, Capt. Gamble, Capt. Mercer, Capt. Blodgett, Capt. D. Myers, Ensign and Mrs. Habkirk, Capt. Askin, Ensign Collett. 5th row.—Ensign Hurton, Capt. Habelstein, Lieut. Oxenrider, Lieut. McRae, Lieut. Cook, Lieut. Hardy, Capt. L. Smith, Capt. Habkirk, Capt. Broster. 6th row.—Adj. E. Hayes, Capt. Glover, Lieut. Kreiger, Capt. N. Myers, Lieut. E. Casiter, Lieut. E. Nuttall, Mrs. Capt. White, Capt. Flaws, Adj. Thomas.

EASTERN PROVINCE.



1st row.—Capt. McEnchern, Lieut. Chandler, Lieut. Trafton, Capt. Ryan, Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, Capt. Welch, Lieut. Melvor, Captain F. Clark, Cadet-Lieut. Weukley. 2nd row.—Mrs. Capt. McElheney, Mrs. Capt. W. Thompson, Lieut. Jones, Ensign Sabine, Lieut. Payne, Capt. Laws, Capt. England, Lieut. McLennan, Mrs. Adj. Wiggins. 3rd row.—Capt. McElheney, Lieut. Tiller, Adj. Crichton, Mrs. Ensign Larder, Mrs. Capt. Clark, Mrs. Ensign Knight, Capt. Fleming, Capt. Geo. Thompson, Adj. Wiggins. 4th row.—Capt. W. Thompson, Lieut. Tatem, Capt. Kirk, Ensign Larder, Capt. Clark, Ensign F. Knight, Captain Mutari, Ensign Parsons, Lieut. Ehsary. 5th row.—Capt. Doyle, Capt. Allen, Capt. A. E. Armstrong, Capt. J. Green, Lieut. Pemberton and Capt. Richards, Capt. Lorimer, Lieut. N. Smith, Adj. Byers, Lieut. McWilliams. 6th row.—Ensign McDonald.

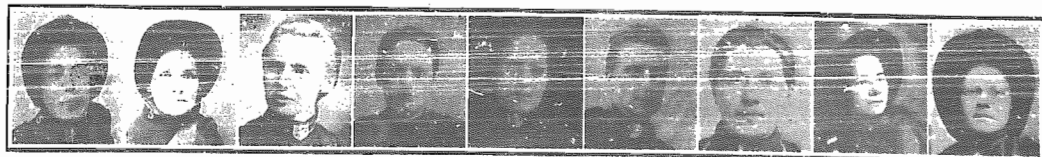


NEWFOUNDLAND.



Top row.—Ensign Sparks, Lieut. Simmons, Capt. Brace, Ensign Brown, Capt. J. D. Clark, Capt. Moore. Bottom row.—Capt. Barry, Capt. Stickland, Capt. Downey, Adj. Boggs, Capt. Harris and Capt. Crew, Capt. Bishop, Lieut. Sparks, Capt. Jones, Lieut. Duder.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.



Staff-Capt. Jost, Adj. Mrs. Langtry, Lieut. Chapman, Capt. Gerred, Ensign Soper, Lieut. Harvey, Adj. Beckstead, Capt. Glover, Adj. Torell.



Dreams and Destinies:

Or, Two Nights of History.

By MRS STAFF-OAPT. STANYON.



NIGHT! It was the eve of one of the most notable battles in history! The French were lying upon the wide stretches of the plain; some sleeping, some waking, all dreaming of the glorious conquest which was to crown their efforts on the morrow. Kingdoms had felt the heel of the great oppressor and bowed to their fate; and England, too, with her iron soldiery, by the morrow's sunset should stand among the vanquished.

Yes, they dreamed of victory, and of retreating foes. No other issue could be possible, for was not their leader the invincible Buonaparte? Did not his name strike terror into the heart of kingdoms, and his presence on the field mean defeat to his enemies? Was it not true that the pride and hope of nations sacrificed their lives at his will, and rivers of blood mark the fall of his foes in every conflict? Yes, these were facts, hence, sleeping or waking, they dreamed of conquest and glory!

MORNING broke and ushered into history the memorable June 18th, 1815. But—were the dreams of the night realized as that day of destinies dawned and waned? No! they proved but dreams, for a greater than Napoleon undertook for the oppressed! With heart stirred to its fathomless depths by the cries for vengeance from seas of gore, and moved with boundless compassion by the streaming tears of war-made widows and orphans, and touched with tenderest pity by the sighs from broken hearts of childless parents, Divinity itself stretched forth its arm, and lent its unfailing aid. When defeat appeared certain to the French, despair seized their leaders, confusion spread in their ranks, the mighty were scattered, and the conqueror led captive! Their dream savored of victory, but their destiny of death! Waterloo marks the burial-place of tyranny, and the birth-place of liberty.

*"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bosom of life,
Be not like sound that swoons in battle;
Be a hero in the strife!"*

UPON life's battlefield the dead lie on every hand; dead hopes, dead ambitions, dead energies, dead desires, dead efforts—slain by the moral foes of man, and victims are being daily added to their numbers.

Fair are the dreams and brilliant the hopes of countless multitudes respecting their future, but in the starting of life's warfare they discover that every man must do his part and determine his own destiny. As soon as he fixes his goal and takes his first pace to the front, in almost every case unfriendly forces from within and without combine to drive him back, and he only stands and wins so far as he is consoled by his purpose.

History, ancient and modern, supplies us with countless object-lessons; it gives us detailed pictures of men who have come from the most unlikely vicissitudes of life, and started out with every conceivable circumstance against them, but who have, by dogged determination and sheer persistence, pushed their way past every impediment, and in the end of almost unconquerable opposition stood their ground; and swept their foes before them; then marched onward, step by step, until their destinies have realized their fairest dreams, revealing to a wondering world the stupendous value of a purpose.

But whilst the few have thus run the race and won the prize, the many have fallen, and their warfare ended in defeat and captivity.

Numbers of these, like those who

stood as victors, were reinforced by friends, and wealth, and influence, and other valuable auxiliaries, to urge them to the pursuance of their object, but in vain.

Would You Learn the Secret of Their Failure?

Indolence alone is responsible for their overthrow!

With good desires they started out, their work chosen, their air-castles built, the benediction of friends and well-wishers given, the beginning fair, and the outlook for future, fair!

In some cases the golden mines of knowledge were the attraction. They would fain become the possessors of those hidden treasures. They read with admiration of the gigantic achievements of those possessing the secrets, and they, too, coveted the same prize, and dreamed of its security. But, in its acquisition, too much sacrifice was demanded, too much toil, and altogether too much cost, and after a small measure of resistance the dreamers of victory fell in the fray.

Another crowd have been the victims of cowardice! They lifted their swords with weak wrists and trembling fingers, at the same time looking to the right and to the left for a way of escape. No power to stand a gallant oppositor

rise. Oh, the blighted hopes, and blasted lives, and cursed abilities, and distorted beauties of character and mind for which this foe is responsible!

Men have fallen here in every grade of life; not only at the commencement of their career, but after years of brilliant prosperity, as in the case of Alexander the Great, who, having conquered kingdoms, himself was conquered by this drink-fiend, and sank within a drunkard's grave.

THUS some have fallen, and some have triumphed, who have sought for distinction and homage in their day; but I hear the voice of a great host exclaim, "Let those who will inscribe their names upon earth's rolls of fame and honor, we aim higher, and we will not rest until our names are written on that Immortal Roll which shall seal our destiny with the heroes of the Cross in every land and age!"

"Your crowns will fade, but ours are fadeless! Your honors will perish, but ours are imperishable! Your names, when written, Time will efface, but ours will remain ineffaceable throughout eternity itself."

So, with the sword of the Spirit in our hands, and Divine promises inspiring our hearts, we stand shoulder to

MAJOR BAUGH

SENDS AN INTERESTING LETTER TO HIS OLD COMRADES.

My dear Comrades,—

I have often found my mind looking westward to Canada, and have resolved to write a few lines of greeting several times, but have been so busy that I really could not well spare the time. I have had a change of work, from the Red Crusade to the Junior Work of the South London Province. Then we have had the General visiting our Province; this has meant work, and work, and more work; but it has been fruitful in the salvation of many souls. As I was on penitentiary duty I know what was done.

A minister of the Gospel was at the penitentiary seeking experimental salvation, and rose from it saying he intended going straight in for God and souls now, if it meant the loss of all things.

One more. He was a man flying in the extreme. I fancy no one but a well-saved Salvationist would tackle such a case; but dirty, and drunken, and parted from his wife, and cast-away as he was, he got well saved. Some of the soldiers living near his



The Soldier's Dream Before the Battle.
A Corner of Waterloo After the Battle.

forces! The combined powers of discouragement, criticism, failure and misunderstanding struck terror to their fearful hearts, and they could not keep their footing. In the first charge the coward-spirits raised the white flag and unconditionally surrendered.

But perhaps the foe which has wrought the deadliest havoc and laid low in greater numbers than any other the candidates for fame and victory is Intemperance!

Thousands who determined to do well have been beset by this ghastly fiend. Sometimes it has been a long and terrible struggle, as to which should be the conqueror, but at length the dim eye, and staggering pulse, and dizzy brain have evidenced man's failing strength, and the relentless foe has struck his victim down never more to

shoulder, and face those foes that destroy man's hopes for time and eternity. Come, ye victors and vanquished in life's battle! Stand, stand with us!

Our Foe is Sin.
Our Triumph—Certain.
Our Captain Christ.
Our Crown—Eternal Life.
Our Destiny—Heaven!



abode looked after him. He found work, got a few articles of furniture together, and had his wife come back to live with him. He is now a clean, hard-working, and saved man.

But I cannot follow this line, as I am a Junior man at present. We have had Juniors' and young people's campaigns during October, and hundreds of young people have been swept into the Kingdom.

Our dear General gave us one meeting in South London, at Camberwell (the Camberwell barracks is larger than Toronto Temperance Hall), and it was crowded, and many standing wherever there was a foot of room; and, best of all, 155 souls were saved, ranging from 9 to 23 years of age. We hope to capture many corps cadets and soldiers, both junior and senior, through this campaign.

A fair proportion of corps cadets are entering the Training Home this session. Another of my own children (Louisa) goes into training this month, and another one becomes a corps cadet. So we are nearly all at the front now.

We have been proud of the Canadians in South Africa, being so loyal and brave, and trust the Canadian Salvationists, with a much more noble cause to fight for, will likewise be "faithful unto death!"

Yours as ever,

WM. BAUGH, Major.

A PRAIRIE PLUCKING

(Continued on page 11.)

Prairie soil and the soil of that young Scotch heart were evidently much alike.

He had six months in Winnipeg to cultivate that soil, and was then sent to Edmonton, Alberta, to represent the firm he served. In the latter place he found fresh and congenial elements to further blacken his sin-depraved heart, yet withal under the guise of common respectability, or of what some folks, himself included, then termed, religion.

CHAPTER II.

Seed Sowing.

"IN the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

That is the Divine injunction given to those who have entered God's great soul-field for the avowed purpose of scattering the precious seed of Gospel truth.

Glorious vocation! Yet it is not for the laborer in Christ's field to select that particular part where the soil is loamy and rich; where stones are few, briars grow net, and where everything is easy and pleasant, as the result of the God-honored toil of some other laborer. No; it is his duty to go, and do, as the Master saith, "whatsoever I command you." (John xv. 14.) This more often means that the God-directed, God-fearing soul-lover is found

"Sowing the seed with an aching heart
Sowing the seed where the tear-drops start."

The heart-aches and tears of the laborer are frequently being brought about because of the hard and flinty nature of men's hearts,

because of the stubbornness and rebelliousness of men's wills, and the sourness and impurity of men's dispositions, all the result of living in continued sin, and alike combining to make the soil so much the harder to work, thus giving the seed so little opportunity to spring up and bear fruit.

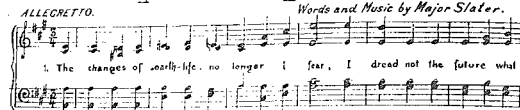
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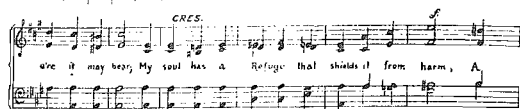
PEACE AND TRUST.

Words and Music by Major Slater.

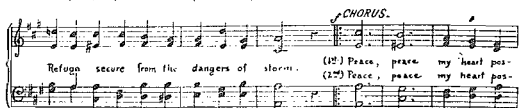
ALLEGRO TO.



1. The changes of earth-life, no longer I fear, I dread not the future what



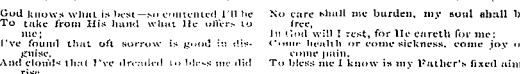
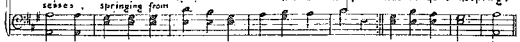
ere it may hear, My soul has a Refuge that shields it from harm, A



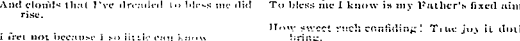
Refuge secure from the dangers of storm. (1st) Peace, peace, my heart pos-



sesses, trusting in (2nd) Peace, peace, my heart pos-



sesses, springing from God, all is well—this I know, trust in God's keeping.



God knows what is best—so contented I'll be
To take from His hand what He offers to me;
I've found that oft sorrow is good in dis-
guise,
And doubt that I've dreaded to bless me did
fine.

I fret not because I so little can know
Of what lies ahead in the way that I go;
God leads me, and therefore severely I tread,
No harm on my journey my heart has to
dread.

No care shall me burden, my soul shall be
free,
In God will I rest, for He creeth for me;
Come health or come sickness, come joy or
come pain.

To bless me I know is my Father's fixed aim.
How sweet rich confiding! True joy is dash-
ing,
A balm for all heart-wounds from trusting
death spring;
I need not be fearing what next may befall,
Whatever God sends me, His love chooses all.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.



1st row.—Capt. Calvert, Ensign McDonald, Capt. Rennie, Capt. McCann, Capt. Liston, Capt. Trickey. 2nd row.—Ensign Brant, Capt. Bowers, Capt. Fisher, Capt. and Mrs. Hanna, Capt. LeCocq, Lieut. Lamb, Capt. Dales, Capt. Banks. 3rd row.—Lieut. McGregor, Capt. Kivell, Capt. Mitchell (E.O.P.), Capt. Wadge, Capt. Russell, Capt. Hinstable, Adj. Goodwin, Capt. Likhart, Capt. Poole. 4th row.—Adj. Moore, Capt. Darach, Ensign Lott, Adj. Walker, Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Greavett, Capt. Rose, Capt. Stephens, Adj. Deshray, Adj. Cameron. 5th row.—Lieut. Brown, Lieut. Bushey, Capt. Wilson, Capt. Meeks, Lieut. Bone, Ensign Hyde, Adj. Sears, Capt. Matthews, Capt. Capper.

BESS of BETHNAL GREEN

A Study of Girl Life in Lower London

BY MAJOR JOHN BOND, EDITOR SOCIAL GAZETTE.

PART I.

Bess, the Harum-Scarum.

BESS was a strong favorite down Blackberry Lane, Bethnal Green.

The boys liked her because her musical "Chase me, Charley!" and shrill "Pip! Pip!" meant more hard running and loud shrieking than that of any other girl in the locality. There was also another thing that lent zest to the chase. When captured, and the young male East-Enders, after the manner of his kind, began to vigorously pummel her, Bess could, and oftentimes would, show fight in a fashion that speedily caused the huddling, Hooligan to simmer down, and to suggest a visit to the fried-fish shop round the corner. Here, where "ot fried-fish" and "chipped potatoes" formed an effective substitute for the Reaskin's pipe of peace, boisterous good-humor would soon reassert itself. Yes, in the language of the Blackberry Lane boys, "Bess could put up—not 'arf!" And they liked her the better for it.

She was exceedingly vulgar and hoydenish, but this was not noticed where all were the same. Bess was, however, also good-tempered and kind, which, in Blackberry Lane, as elsewhere, were qualities not possessed by all, so her willingness to do any of them a good turn made her also a general favorite with the older people in the street.

The Italian piano-men grinned when they saw her coming, for there was no other girl about who could so cleverly imitate the high kicking and "light fantastic toe" movements of

MISS TILLY TIPPLETOES,

the "premyur danyoos" of the "Star of the East" Music Hall, or possessed the "poetry of motion" that strongly characterized the dancing of Bess; so when her turn at "toein" an "eelin", an "catherine wheelin'" came on, the neighbors invariably came out. The "court ball" then became a big affair, and pennies were correspondingly plentiful.

The appearance of Bess was all in her favor. Her figure was tall and well-proportioned; she had just turned nineteen; had good features; cheeks pallid but dimpled; eyes black as a sloe, and so full of laughter, that were her face concealed up to the bridge of her slightly turned-up nose, one would vow that her sides were shaking with suppressed merriment, even when such was not the case. When she did "let herself go" in the matter of mirth, there were few who escaped the infection of joining in—her merry laugh was so contagious.

Frame this face with a heavy fringe of dark hair, curled and twisted, and so abundant as to completely conceal her ears; crown the whole with a large picture-hat surmounted with a long feather, and you have Bess of Bethnal Green—a type of a class numbering hundreds of thousands.

Bess is a product of the social conditions that govern the lives of most of the city poor of England, the principal factor in the evolution of her class being over-crowding, caused by high rents, and scanty dwelling accommodation.

It works out thus: Large families are obliged to live in one or two rooms, and where

ILL-TRAINED, RIOTOUS CHILDREN

herd together, there is little rest or quietude for the tired father, or the distracted mother. For the sake of peace, therefore, the children are turned loose into the street. But more often than not, the parents, seeking the change they cannot find in their own squalid rooms, betake themselves to the pubs. That the neglected children at home speedily gravitate to the streets' goes without saying. Thus it happens that in both cases the children of the poor are subjected to the influences of the streets.

This is bad. For one thing, the streets ex-

ercise a strange fascination for those who have been accustomed to roam them in unrestrained freedom; and the person whose childhood has been so spent never abandons street roaming in later years, unless some revolution of life and character takes place, such as that effected by the grace of God.

Then, again, the influence of the streets is altogether harmful to the young, for in the main their sights and sounds are evil. Against the sight of one act of courtesy, kindness to aged, or charity to the suffering, the young will see ten that familiarizes them with vice and sin. The staggering, blasphemous drunkard; the painted harlot plying her dreadful trade; the filthy utterances of obscene youths; the street fights of degraded women; the vulgarity and lewdness of neglected girls, cause the streets of a city to be a moral sewer, spreading the germs of deadly disease in the hearts and minds of all who linger long in its unholy atmosphere.

Subject to all these hurtful influences was poor Bess, the very characteristics that made her lovable making her also more susceptible to their evils.



BESS, THE HARUM-SCARUM.

"When Bess footed the kerb the neighbors came out and the court ball became a big affair."

Bessie's home was situated in one of the meanest streets of Bethnal Green. Her father, who worked in one of the sweating-shops so prevalent in the East-End, was a stunted, foul-mouthed, intemperate man; her mother

A SLOVENLY VIRAGO;

her brothers and sisters rough and quarrelsome. fit specimens of the class that make the night hideous with strange calls, and figure in the police-courts on the charge of assault and battery.

The home itself consisted of three dirty, ill-furnished rooms, each containing a bed—for Bessie's family numbered eight—and two in addition partly served as workshops, for in them Bess and others of the family worked at the father's calling, he bringing home piece-work from the factory to supplement his own sweated wage. It can scarcely be wondered at, then, that under these conditions, Bess turned to the streets for her pastimes, or that her amusements took the form of street-dancing, playing mouth-organs, or galivanting till midnight in company with young fellows unquestionably of the "baser sort," varied with occasional visits to the music hall, or witnessing bluggy plays from the gallery of the Standard Theatre, finishing up with a visit to the pub.

Can she be saved? Yes! Laughing and larking Bess was being rapidly carried on by the river of Time towards the dark and troubled waters of early marriage, poverty, intemperance, and the Christless death which is the fate of so many of her class, when the Salvation Army directed her barque into another channel which, though black and stormy to begin with, has at the end a peaceful Haven, where seas never roll and the sun never sets.

PART II.

Bess, the Slum Saint.

"I say, Bess, the Salvation Army 'as opened a little show hup Boozey Lane! Wot's say if we p'ys 'em a visit?"

"Right, ho!" cried the spirited Bess, always ready for a new sensation.

The "show" was formerly a little grocer's shop; but gutted, and fitted up with seats, and well lighted, it presented quite a cozy Slum barracks.

The Captain and Lieutenant were jingling their tambourines, and the little congregation singing, "Will you go to the Eden above?" when they entered.

"This ain't 'arf bad, is it?" murmured Bessie's companion.

"Swelp me boh, it ain't!" said Bess.

That meeting made such an impression upon wild, harum-scarum Bess that a few nights after she came out to the penitent form and professed to get saved. The genuineness of her conversion was severely tested, and, as we think the sequel will show, proved pure gold.

We have, in the first part of this study, attempted to show the conditions of life that go to form the characters of the wild girls of the streets, in the hope that those who have hitherto judged them harshly may regard them more sympathetically. Are we not all, more or less, the creatures of our circumstances?

We purpose in this second part to show the heroic stand for Christ made by Bess against overwhelming odds, for we consider it

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE

of the sustaining grace of God that this high-spirited girl, whose heritage, breeding, and circumstances were such as to create and foster a passion for gaudy worldliness, should brave the scorn of companions, parental wrath, the contempt of relatives, be cast out of home, and bear all this meekly that she might hark in the smile of Him Who is not of this world. Thank God, Bess is not a solitary example of the transforming power of God, for up and down England there are thousands such as she!

In the meeting the Captain had solemnly said:—

"The old *must* die: the young *may* die. And after death comes the Judgment, when we shall all be judged according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be evil."

The words come back to Bess with startling distinctness as she lay awake one night upon her comfortable bed.

"I'm young—I *may* die—*may* die to-night." This haunting thought would not be banished.

The yellow rays of the lamp in the squalid street below shone through the blindless window, lighting up the dingy room, and throwing upon the grimy walls, wherever she turned her eyes, the sentence: "MAY DIE TO-NIGHT!"

A younger sister lay still and sleeping by her side, the pale face looking strangely white in the filtered rays of the incandescent lamp-light.

"Has Ria died?" Bess thought. To her startled eyes she appeared to be dead. No! she moves.



BESS, THE SLUM SAINT. At sorrow's

"As she sang, the beautiful words poured forth as long as when the thrush in spring."

A. Shrivastava, Director

DesBrisay,

early retirement.



TANGLES

Two Thoughts Suggested
by a
... Great Picture ...

By LIBUT-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Sistine Madonna—"the Madonna di San Sisto"—the last and greatest of Raphael's Madonnas, was painted by the famous artist early in the sixteenth century. It is supposed by historians to have first been displayed in Rome in the Vatican Chapel of Sixtus IV. At present it forms the gem of the valuable collection of paintings in the Art Museum of Dresden, in the Kingdom of Saxony, Germany.

THOUGHT ONE.

"And God saw everything He had made, and beheld, it was very good."—Gen. 1, 31.
"The people have seen a great light."—Isa. 60: 1; Matt. 16: 16.

WO ideas, the mystery of human redemption, and the mystery of Divine Providence, suggested by Raphael's masterpiece, the Sistine Madonna, have been trying for some days to assume tangible form in my mind. The subjects are profound, and I can, in this brief article, only give inadequate expression to a few simple thoughts.

As we pause and gaze a moment on the features of the Infant Jesus, the embodiment and manifestation of the Father's unfathomable love, we are reminded of the cause of His advent, and we remember the first stormcloud of sin and sorrow which burst upon a perfect, happy universe. Into the peaceful beauty of that first garden stole the destroyer. Eve obeyed the subtle voice that told of unknown wisdom, and with her lord shared the forbidden thing, and received into her own heart the serpent's sting of anguish. The sunlight of Omnipotent presence was extinguished, the shadows of a dreadful darkness gathered upon the horizon, all the music ceased, the harmony became a discord, and the beauty a reproach. Justice swung her sword across the once-open gates, and the guilty pair, bearing their shame, passed from Eden's delight out into the night. But mercy stretched out her hand and announced the "way back" to Paradise and God. "Thy seed shall bruise his head," was the promise and hope sprung into being. Nearly forty centuries drifted by, kingdoms rose and fell, nations were born and passed out of time's arena, a world was washed away, and though the prophets and patriarchs thundered out the reiteration of the covenant, it looked as though Jehovah had forgotten His word.

One morning, a star, sparkling with unearthly radiance, poured out its luminous light athwart the eastern sky and pointed the watching groups upon the hill-sides to a spot where the promise was fulfilled, and where He Whose name is Wonderful found His first resting-place, clasped in tender, maternal affection in the bosom of the Holy Mother. We have but few passing glimpses into the life of beauty of the pure-minded, loving Mary, the woman honored by the Lord more than any other, for to her was given the privilege of nesting to her heart the Baby Christ, soothe the Baby sorrows, and first teach the Baby feet to walk in the earth path, which He ever found a thorny one. It may be that the Holy Spirit, in directing the chronicles of Biblical truth, remembered how early in the morning of the world's history men began to worship the creature instead of the Creator, and to regard the words of "Thou shalt not," rather than "Thou shalt surely die," of Jehovah; and, seeing into futurity that the Church of God would drift into a dangerous adoration of the blessed Virgin, purposely withheld much that would be of most precious interest to all who love the Christ. But through her, woman, upon whose brow the brand of disobedience first left its impress, was honored in the motherhood of the world's Saviour.

My pen fails to indite anything fresh about the "old story." It has been oft repeated, written by a million hands, depicted by unnumbered brushes, told by countless voices, chanted by hosts of choristers. Ducky

faces have sung it by camp fires in outbursts of new-born joy. Trembling voices have penetrated liquid flames and martyrs' fires, and ascend-

ed from Roman amphitheatres, prison cell, reeking dungeons, torturous rack, and lowly pallet. The blessed story has no new aspect, and yet, with the joy-bells of another Christmas-tide ringing out their glad message, it comes back to our heart with a refreshing newness which must be wafted by heavenly visitants on the wing of hope and faith from the world of life and love.

The Christ—He Who knew no sin—took upon Himself the form of humanity, God-man, to go without the camp, that through His death, His passion, His resurrection and ascension it is possible for the restoration to the human family of all that was lost by sin in Paradise. To all who

by faith in His name shall fight the fight of faith and overcome, shall be given "to eat of the tree of life, which is in the Paradise of God." Oh, blessed hope! oh, glorious assurance! oh, joyful confidence—oh, may I live through His death, the bells louder, wave the banners more enthusiastically, sing the praises more fervently, proclaim the news more earnestly, gather up all the memories of the past, and all the hopes of the future, and in one grand hallelujah chorus, fling through heaven and God a ringing anthem that shall find its echo and answer in the voices of angels and the heart of a glorified Conqueror.

"Where do you find your answer for these mysterious questions?" said an agnostic to me the other day. "In Jesus," was my reply. "He is the Answer to all our arguments. He is the Healer of all our wounds, the Soother of all our sorrows, the Dryer of all our tears, the Cleanser of all our sins. Oh, blessed solution of the mystery of divine redemption. Christ all and in all, waiting to lift a poor, struggling, sad, disappointed world up to heaven and God."

THOUGHT TWO.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter v. 7.

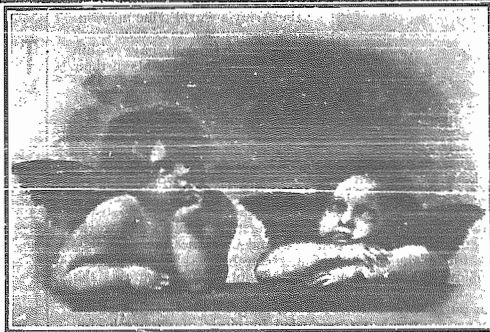
AN old tradition informs us that when this wonderful picture hung in the chapel of Sixtus IV., it became covered with a deep layer of dust. One day some enterprising individual climbed the dizzy height and carefully brushed away the accumulated debris of years. Under the dark shade, which all spectators had considered clouds, were revealed bright, smiling angel-faced cherubs.

As I gazed, some months ago, in a large art gallery in an American city, at a reproduction of this wondrous work of skill, I remembered this story, and while my attention was held enthralled by the exquisite faces in which is depicted, in living touches, all the traits of sweet, unsullied childhood, fresh from Heaven's home, my heart was melted in great tenderness, and instinctively my mind grasped after the lesson to be learnt from the incident. May I pass the thought to someone to whom Christmas will not bring unalloyed happiness?

Angels in the clouds. Yes, surely; dark, grim, ominous, light-obscuring and threatening as they seem. Though they overcast the pathway, shutting out the sun's gleaming, or the star's shining, a master-hand will turn back their dark folds—for "behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face." Life has many tangles. God's hand holds the skein. He alone can unravel the threads.

"If I could be quite sure that 'all things do work together for my good,' I should be perfectly satisfied," said a dear saint of God the other day, "but I am so imperfect, you know." "Yes, my friend, your character is not finished yet; now we know in part only. By-and-bye we shall know as we are known." "Now," continued my friend, "I feel more imperfect than I did five years ago." "Yes, it is a good thing you realize it. That, I think, is as evidence that you see yourself as you are." This Christian was pure gold, and has been burnished in the furnace of mysterious, unexplainable providences, and who can estimate how much the shadows he so meant in the perplexing of some lives?

Ah, beloved reader, while many hearts are light and glad, and smiles chase the shades from other cheeks at this festive time, is your mind oppressed by perplexing, unanswered questions? Is there no solving of life's problems? Has there been no realization of the brightest ambitions of your soul, the pet desires of your youthful purpose? Your Father's hand will sweep away the cobwebs some day, and the light of an eternal childhood will burst upon your vision. We cannot see beyond the veil, we only understand the loneliness and desolation of the pain of the poor human heart which will throb and ache for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." But the cloud will be rifted, the sunny, cherub face will smile, and sorrow's billow will cease to surge.



Glimpses of Jamaica.

How the Salvation War is Waged in the British West Indies.

BY CAPT. RICHARDSON.

"A COUPLE of pineapples in the Lord's name!"

This was "commandeering" of a truth. The person to whom this somewhat startling demand was addressed had been attracted by the sound of our horses' approach, and left his house

"Sun berry hot dis morning, massa."

We agreed that it was hot. Had he heard of the great Rock beneath which weary souls could shelter from the fierce rays of temptation and danger?

This is a typical scene in country life in Jamaica. There is scarcely any need for the traveler, be he Salvationist or otherwise, even to "commandeer" the necessities for his journeyings, for the country abounds in all manner of luxurious fruits, etc., and no kinder hearts exist anywhere than in the natives of the interior. If he has a partiality

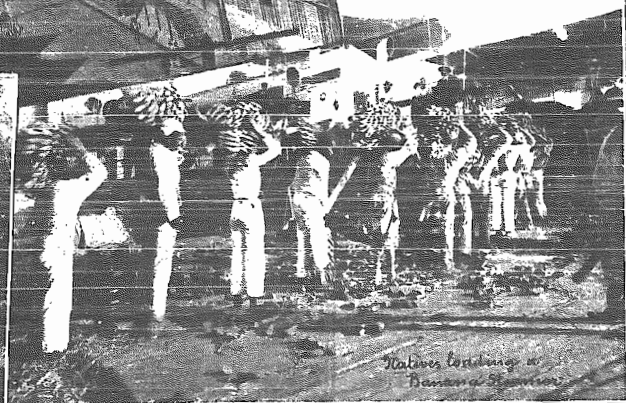
success, which we hail with gratitude and delight.

"They would come to meet you," said Ensign Mead, as he greeted us a couple of miles outside Delveland. He was surrounded by a company of two-score uniformed Salvationists who gave us an enthusiastic reception, and marched us into the village, which was *en fete* for the occasion. A white officer or special is seldom seen in these parts, and many know little of the Army outside their own Island, but here was the real Blood-and-Fire spirit as genuine and enthusiastic as in any part of the world. We had a rousing meeting at night, and four souls sought salvation.

"Souls are born in the fire in Jamaica, at any rate," we agreed, as we wended our way to our billet.

Jamaicans are naturally religious, but unfortunately, with a large number, religion is a matter of sentiment and emotion, which does not exist as a practical force against the almost inherent sins and practices of their lives. Scarcely fertile ground this for a policy of red-hot aggression and a doctrine of "no compromise," but the standard has been fearlessly hoisted and maintained, and the outcome has been the raising up of an effective and loyal force of Salvationists who are living to prove the reality of the power of God to save and to keep.

View of Kingston
the Capital of Jamaica.



Natives loading a
Banana plantation.



NATIVES EATING SUGAR CANE.

to take stock of the invaders. We were three—Brigadier Gale, with Adjutant Bax and myself—and we had pulled up after a hot, wearying ride over several miles of mountain-track, to rest and refresh ourselves and our animals.

As a "new hand," I thought the Adjutant's request somewhat of a big order, and feared the native might be offended. My fears, however, were speedily proved to be groundless, for, by the time we had dismounted, the dear fellow had returned, bringing some of the most luscious fruit one could desire. We assured him of our appreciation of his kind provision as we prepared to resume our journey.

for bananas, oranges, pineapples, or mangoes, he will be able to feast to his heart's content.

The Salvation Army is making steady headway in the "Island of Springs," and we have at present in the Colony over 50 Corps, and, with the exception of three, these are all worked by native officers, nine of whom hold Staff rank. This speaks volumes for the infallibility of the principle underlying the Army's world-wide missionary operations, viz., that every country and colony have within themselves the elements of their own life and salvation.

The commercial outlook of the Colony during the past few years has been far from encouraging, and the failure of the industries has caused extreme poverty in many parts. These years have tried the faith and devotion of many workers in the cause of Jamaica's salvation, and it is hardly to be wondered at that there has been a steady "thinning-out" amongst the leaders and workers of the Missions and Churches, necessitating the closing of a great many. The night has been a long one, but notwithstanding this the Flag of the Blood and Fire has been kept waving, and the toil and patience of our dear officers are being rewarded by signs of daybreak, for there are evidences of returning prosperity and

Brigadier Rolfe has just farewelled after six years' command of our forces, and the Island is being divided into three Divisions. The new Divisional Officers are being appointed shortly, and Jamaica will thus form an important part of the West Indian Territory, under Brigadier Gale, whose Headquarters are at Barbadoes.

God speed the war in Jamaica!

The Light of Life.

THE Night hath a thousand eyes,
The Day but one;
But the light of the whole world dies
At set of sun.

The Mind has a thousand eyes,
The Heart but one;
But the light of the whole life dies
When Love is done.



"SALLIE, DEAR."

SAY, Sal, old pal, I 'eard a lark strike up 'er merry note
 T'other day,
 Down this way.
 We was diggin' arter hours, 'cos we broke the prison rules,
 An' we slacked work to 'arken like a pack o' lovesick fools.
 An' I felt, 'pon my soul I did, a sinkin' in the throat,
 For it brought to mind a memory o' you.
 Lord—it's true,
 Thoughts o' you,
 As you was when first I loved you, Sallie dear.



We're 'ardened brutes, the lot of us—the chaplain tells us so:
 Satan's Own,
 Christ's Out-thrown.
 But there wasn't one as didn't wince in all the ploughin' gang,
 Or feel their 'arts grow softer as that little beggar sang,
 An' I blubbered like a baby. Why? 'Ang me if I know.
 But I sorter felt 'ow wrong I'd treated you—
 Straight, I did,
 An' no kid,
 'Ow I'd changed your smiles to mournin', Sallie dear.

I see you now in court, old gal, the kiddy on your arm,
 Jest the same,
 Brave an' game,
 An' the judge's raspin' sentence runs stream-in' through my cars;



An' I see you as I seed you then, smilin' through your tears;
 An' I 'ear your whisper—"don't you fret—the boy won't come to harm,
 For the Friend o' little children understands."
 True, I ain't
 No white saint,
 But yer kinder brought 'Im 'ome then, Sallie dear.

I've sat an' lied in solitude 'alf dreamin' in my cell,
 Livin' through
 Days wiv you.
 O Lord! to walk abroad unwatched, to mock the mockin' chain,

To drink the air of liberty, to know myself again;



To feel I own a will once more. I'm ramblin', eh? Ah, well,
 Only slaves can teach the free wot freedom means;
 For no light
 Follows night,
 But each mornin' brings death closer, Sallie dear.

An' so I've lingered 'ere for years—jest look around the room—
 Think, old wife,
 Doomed for life,
 Where 'uman love ain't ever seen, where speakin' ranks as crime;
 Where one day apes another so, we lose account of time;
 Where buried 'ope an' manhood rot inside a prison tomb,
 An' the dreams men dream of freedom reap despair;
 Night an' day
 Pass away,
 But they leave no smiles behind 'em, Sallie dear.

Well, then I must 'ave sickened, for they sent me out to plough
 'Ere last May—
 'Eaven's own day.
 O Lord! the dew of mornin' then—the light, the space, the green,
 The air, the sense of breathin' free, the wonder of that scene;
 The world was made for me that day—it comes afore me now,
 An' I 'ear,
 Low an' clear,
 That sweet song which brought me gladness, Sallie dear.

An' now I'm back in 'awspital—ah! Sal, jest take my 'and—
 I don't fear
 When you're near;
 It's only when I'm left alone I feel afraid to die.
 The white-washed walls, the 'ush, the night, the soul's despairin' cry;
 The tread of feet, the gloom without, the unknown, 'idden land.
 An' that mighty Judge of all men learn to dread.
 So I lie,
 Glad to die,
 For I old I've bought my freedom, Sallie dear.

O Lord! the hours I've toiled in vain—the broken years I've seen,
 Sigh an' tear
 Anchor 'ere.
 But to my dull an' achin' eye there comes a light at last,
 Grim skeletons an' shadows of a dimmed an' banished past.

Ah! Sal, old wife, what might 'ave been!
 That cry—what might 'ave been!
 But 'E 'ears it—for 'E calls me—an—I go!
 Ay, sweet light
 Crowns my night,
 An' the dawn of ages guides me, Sallie dear.



SCOTT CRAVEN.

FOSSILIZATION.

BY STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

FOSSILIZATION cannot be produced without certain laws of nature operating on matter; that which once possessed life, but through time, place, or circumstances, from a state of inaction has been turned into a petrified form, producing in stone that which once had place in organic life.

There are causes that favor fossilization. The contact of mineral matter with that which is organic will often produce fossilization. Flowing lava from volcanic eruptions has made

FOSSILS OF WHOLE CITIES

of which Herculaneum, and Pompeii are examples. A fossilized lake, now extinct, is known in Utah as "Runcville," while the magnificent Yellowstone Park boasts of a petrified forest.

Briefly, let us look upon fossils in a spiritual sense. They are found in the Church of Christ, and were in vogue in the days of Paul, whom he mentioned as "having the form of godliness but denying the power thereof." In the spiritual life there is the same law in force, hence a person or organization, or anything that is behind the age in spiritual matters, may be termed antiquated, or out of date. Inactivity will produce fossilization in the spiritual life as well as in the temporal.

If, in the spiritual life, our organization does not keep pace with the age in which we live, if we should reach a state where no more improvement could be made, we come to the conclusion that "we know it all," having no room for advancement; then we would tend to fossilization. The world, the flesh, and the devil would like to fossilize all the spiritual life of this age, and make humanity believe that the vital spark of godliness does not exist in the world, only in the fossilized form of some patron saint of old.

THE LAW OF CHANGE

is one of the great factors in the Army world which hinders the law of fossilization exercising its petrifying influences on the hearts of our people. Change is ever in vogue in a well-organized and aggressive corps; open-airs are changed, the character of the meeting keeps changing, yet we keep the same truth foremost in every action or movement of the battle. Active bodies cannot fossilize. *The all-alive officer will keep his people from fossilizing.* Every soldier has something to do, and in the performance of that duty he is kept from becoming a fossil.

Alas! ALL our officers and soldiers are not active bodies; "would to God they were." I have seen spiritual fossils even in the Army. They do not hold to any advance or progress in matters of the war. They proverbially talk of the "good old days," "what we used to be," etc. They chafe every active proposition which would bring the work of God and the Flag to the front. They are not fond of a scheme which would entail thought, life or action. Where they once possessed this life and victory, they now look at the difficulty, and the possibility of defeat. Where they once used to glory in the cross and the suffering found in all aggressive warfare, they are now found dead under its weight. In the occupation of their commands they

"KNOW THE WHOLE SITUATION."

Nothing moves or disturbs them now. They used to sympathize and even weep at the touch with the sinful and sorrowful. Mammon in various forms has fastened itself upon them. The once beautiful and useful spiritual life has been turned into a spiritual fossil.

One never knows how far the law of fossilization has gone in its operation till some action is demanded. A host of difficulties then present themselves for consideration, crying: "What have we to do with thee, thou Law of Change?" Let us officers thank God for changes of command; they have saved the situation thousands of times. Especially where the command has been held for a long time is there imminent danger of settling into a rut of work and becoming a fossil.

Look well into your spiritual life, keep at work, and never let a day pass by without stirring up the soul's deep fountain springs to a truer realization of duty and privilege.



THREE TRUE TALES.

Reminiscences of Former Days.

By MAJOR COLLIER.

DO THEY STAND?

It was in a Sunday afternoon meeting that Joe and Will sought the Lord. The Orange Hall, in which we held our meetings, and which seated about seven hundred people, was filled to the doors, as was customary Sunday after Sunday.

The meeting had gone on in about the usual way, and during the testimony meeting the Captain was speaking of the grace of God that was sufficient under every circumstance in life, both in sickness and health, when suddenly, in the midst of his talk, a great commotion was noticed in a certain part of the barracks, and presently two fine, strapping fellows, each about six feet high, were seen coming over the tops of the seats to the penitential form, where they literally fell and wept out the story of their life's failure. It was only the work of a moment for the Captain to rise and stand on the platform where they engaged in earnest prayer for the salvation of those two men, and it was not long until they were both on their feet testifying to having found the "Pearl of greatest price."

They both took their stand as soldiers, and as they had been formerly out-and-out for the devil, they now thought nothing too much to do for their new Master, always being ready to tell what great sinners they had been, and how God, for Christ's sake, had saved them. One of the worst drunkards in the town, had been a great drunkard and fighter, and a terror to the neighborhood where he lived. After fighting for some time in "the old corps that brought them to the fold," both Joe and Will removed to other parts of the battlefield, and at once connected themselves with the corps in the places where they settled.

It is now nearly 14 years since the writer conducted that Sunday afternoon meeting, and only a short time ago he heard that Joe was the Sergeant-Major at Fort Will as soldier at the corps, and yet people ask, DO THEY STAND?

A MODEL COTTAGE MEETING?

It was four miles from the S. A. barracks at T— to the home of Mr. W., where we had been invited to hold a cottage meeting. The large kitchen had been fixed up for the meeting, Mr. W. having gone at considerable trouble arranging seats and making everything comfortable. Soon after tea the neighbors began to arrive for the meeting, and soon filled the kitchen, also the adjoining rooms, until they said two hundred people had crowded in. I did not count them, but know that by the time the officers arrived, it was next to an impossibility to get into the house, and the Captain arose to commence the meeting we were literally packed.

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy," was the song chosen, and when we had finished singing, we knelt to pray, at least those did so who were not turned out. In a few minutes a big, strong man was heard crying for mercy, then another, now a sister, until in all parts of the house the cry was going up for pardon from the past guilt and shame. Instead of going on with the meeting in the usual way, one of the men turned the meeting into a prayer meeting, and one after another cried for deliverance, until nine had given up their lives of sin, had sought God, and had obtained His grace and pardon. As they could not get to the penitential form for the crowd, they sought God where they were, in all parts of the rooms.

the new converts gave their testimonies, and were not afraid to let all know that they had found salvation. We sang another song, read a few verses from the Word of God, and gave another invitation, when three more came to Jesus. We finished the meeting amidst much rejoicing, near the mid-night hour, and arrived back at our quarters about two o'clock in the morning, feeling very tired, but happy, and ready for another feast of the same kind the next night.

JUST IN TIME.

B's mother died when he was only a child, in fact, little more than an infant, and as there were several children in the family, the father was thankful to have some friends come to his assistance and offer to care for some of the motherless little ones until they were old enough to care for themselves.

B. was taken by a kind gentleman, who provided for him as for his own son. As B. grew older he manifested a strong desire to have his own way, and being deprived of the tender love and wise counsel of a mother, and the firm guiding hand of his father, he very soon going down the steep decline to ruin. Mixing up with other bad boys of the town, he got into many scrapes which often grieved the heart of his kind benefactor, as well as that of his own father.

When B. had reached the age at which he was able to commence to earn his own living, a situation was secured for him, but he had only been there a short time when he stole some of his employer's goods. He soon found himself in the hands of the law, and before the session he had been eighteen years of age when he again found himself a free boy, and yet anything but free from the bondage of sin and evil habits.

Shortly after this, on a Xmas eve, the Salvation Army opened fire on the town where the young man lived, and the beginning he attended their meetings, and in a short time was under deep conviction. Well do I remember the night when B., with nineteen others, knelt in the old store that the Army had converted into a barracks, and gave thanks to God for His immediate took a firm stand for God and tried in every way to make amends for

Past Wasted Life.

The dread disease, diphtheria, was raging in the place that winter, and just a few weeks after B. had been saved, he, with many others, was stricken down. I clearly remember the morning when one of the soldiers came to my quarters and told me of his illness. We walked several miles through the snow to his father's house, for since his conversion he had returned home, his father having married again, and there found him suffering intensely, and apparently nearing the River of Death. His grey-haired father sat by his side weeping bitterly, and never shall I forget how B. looked into his father's face, and with a shuddering voice said: "B's father, don't weep for me; thank God, I'm all right!" As we took him by the hand he told us "All was well."

Other duties made it necessary to leave him for a few hours, and when we returned after the meeting at night we just reached the house in time to see him pass triumphantly away, to be with Jesus. We could not have an Army funeral, but held a short service at the house. As a result of this, his sister sought and obtained the salvation of her soul, and decided to serve the Lord. B's father turned to God for the Army, and was delighted to think that the Army had come, as he said, just in time to save his boy who he died.

Young reader, what about your soul? Have you been to the Christ of Xmas yet? If not, you are too far from the day, for you are not too young to die.

COUNTERFEITS

By STAFF-CAPT. MORRIS.

A certain house was reputed haunted. No one would think of entering or renting it. Strange lights and shadows were seen at the windows, strange sounds were heard from its vicinity at night, but in daylight it looked cold and dismal. At last some intrepid man determined to unearth the mystery, and accordingly laid his plans to visit the place. The ghost, however, seemed to have received word of his resolve, for the flickers and murmurings had vanished from the scene, and when the investigator entered, but he found the remnants of a collier's fire and stamping tools, with the evidences of the owner's hasty flight. The supposed ghosts had been a gang of counterfeiters.

From time to time, through the vigilance of the authorities, many such characters are brought under the iron arm of the law, which provides a severe penalty for the offender. In spite of this, however, we are continually being made aware of the existence of such a class. The coin and paper manufactured in this unlawful manner, and at present in circulation, represent thousands of dollars, and so closely much of it resembles the original that it is detected with the utmost difficulty.

The above title is not only applicable to the production of the man who, in the secret corners, endeavors to manufacture something which will pass off as currency, but in many other instances do we find endeavors to substitute the imitation for the original.

Certain articles are exhibited and recommended in stores, and are purchased because of their all appearance, they are the right thing, but when an opportunity for comparison with the genuine article occurs, the purchaser finds that he has been deceived.

Four Samples

Let us now consider some of the substitutes for the true heart religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. We find a class which has merely the form of Christianity. To it its members are devoted, and day and night cherish its utter emptiness, with the belief that they are in possession of the secret which will eventually bring them into the kingdom of God. They are deceived.

Next comes the man who is ready to stake all his hopes for eternity on the fact that he was fortunate enough to be born in a Christian home, and lives in a Christian country. He is not a heathen, therefore he must be a Christian, or he falls, or more probably refuses, to see that he is not in possession of that true Christian faith which will carry his soul triumphantly through the swellings of Jordan. He is deceiving himself.

What a poor recommendation to the salvation of the empty professor—the man whose religion consists in his testimony, but who, by his everyday business transactions, is an open rebuke to the profession he endeavors to maintain. It seems impossible for us to estimate the damage of this inconsistency, and its insidious influence.

What shall we say of that class who are of all people in the universe the most despicable in the eyes of the Almighty, the hypocrite? True, it may be, that he associates with the people of God, but his life does not become a Christian, and he well knows that he is pretending to be what he is not. The world looks on, and says: "If that is a sample of Christianity, let us be delivered from it. Our hopes for eternity cannot be less than his."

As the world, in every business life, looks for the genuine, so it is on the lookout for a real, practical Christianity. "Look at the shame in your religion," says someone to whom we are representing its claims. "No," we reply, "don't look at the shame, look at the original." As every true coin comes from the mint, so every true Christian comes from the Mercy Seat.

A real religion takes possession of the heart, and proves successful when

a man's own will power and determination to do right has failed him. Let us picture the drunkard, or the man who has become the victim of vice and sin, when his own best efforts have been unfruitful, and he becomes utterly helpless to combat the assailing powers of evil. He comes out, and he comes to God for aid. His salvation takes possession of his soul; he is made a new creature with new desires and a new power in his life, not his own. He has found something which has met his need, and the result is not merely reformation, but regeneration.

This power is the world's only hope. And on the great Reckoning Day, when the gold shall be separated from the dross, only a genuine heart-revelation will avail. Stripped of all outward show, He who reads the secrets of the heart will judge us irrespective of the profession we have made, or the form of religion we may have adopted.

A CHRISTMAS CHAT

A FEW FRIENDLY WORDS TO THE UNSAVED.

ONCE again the days, weeks, and months have gone by, and we are brought face to face with the fact that shortly we shall once more celebrate the birthday of our Christ.

What memories cluster around the word "Christmas"? Memories of childhood? Happy anticipations of what Christmas morning would bring us, and the long day that would stretch out before us when father, mother, elder brother, and sister seemed to be wholly devoted to the supreme object of making the childrean happy! And happy we were!

Then, as time passed on, and we began to understand something of what the birth of Christ meant to the world, even to us personally, how our hearts thrilled as we thought of the love and devotion of the Son of God, Who could voluntarily leave the glories of His Celestial Home, with all its heavenly associations and attractions, to undergo the hardships of a lowly carpenter, and to grow from boyhood to manhood, with the increasingly certain knowledge that He would die a cruel death in a short time!

We could not understand how He did it, but we loved Him for it, and, as we grew older, we thought that we would never do anything to grieve Him, or to cause Him sorrow.

But time went on, and, insensibly almost, our hearts became filled with other ambitious and desires. We forgot the resolutions we had made in childhood, and little by little our hearts grew cold towards Him. Our prayers were but the repetition of words; our thoughts and ambitions were centred upon this world; we had lost sight of any other.

"We tried for ourselves we thought for ourselves. For ourselves and naught beside, Just as though Jesus had never died, And as he lives He had never died."

But God, "Who is rich in mercy," did not leave us without continual reminders of His claims upon us. Each succeeding Christmas has brought before us the memory of Christ, His birth, His life, His death. From pulpit, and platform, in song and story, His mission, His purpose in living and dying, have been brought before us, as it will be again during this season. Shall we continue to give our thought to the things of this life: what we shall eat, what we shall drink, wherewithal we shall be clothed? Shall we not rather throw off the entanglements of earth, break through the clouds which neglect of years has caused to come between our soul and God, and bow in humble adoration before Him, Who, for our sakes, came as a little child to this world, to take upon Himself our sins, our sorrow, our trials, and our perplexities, that we through His death, might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly.—Florence Easton, Esq.

SPIRITUAL WRECKS

"THE LORD WILL BE THE HARBOUR, OR PLACE OF REPAIR, OF HIS PEOPLE."

—JOH. III. 16 (Marginal Reference).

By A. D. COWAN, Staff-Capt.



WE watch the ship as she is loosed from her moorings at the dock; the bell rings, and she glides swiftly and silently out into the water, gradually fading from our view. We turn away with mingled feelings of hope—that she will safely make the distant port; and anxiety—that she will encounter, she should be wrecked, and the dear ones that we have parted from may find a watery grave.

There may be a few days of fair weather, then slowly, but surely, the fog arises, wrapping her in its mantle so chill and penetrating that she must slacken pace, for she is in great danger from collision with passing vessels. A sharp outlook is kept, the fog whistle is blown to tell others of her whereabouts, the compass is often anxiously consulted. She may be in the vicinity of dangerous mud-banks and hidden shoals, where many a noble vessel has been wrecked; if she loses her course here she will probably share the same fate. Oh, the anxiety and watchfulness that is required to bring her safely through this ordeal. But with it all, she may be in the course of another vessel, which will suddenly loom up, still and ghostly.

Right Across Her Track.

A sudden crash, and her bow is damaged. The engines are reversed, and she escapes from the scene of the disaster, and with the first clearance of the fog she steams for the nearest harbor for repairs; then again pursues her journey.

Towering in the distance are the forms of beautiful icebergs, sparkling in the sunlight. A sudden chill in the air tells of their approach. On they float in their cold and silent splendor. It is of no use to attempt to remain in their path, so she must change her course, and let them pass by.

On plunges the vessel through the briny deep. Presently she nears the tropics where, but a few miles from shore the breakers, white and foaming, surge upon the coral beach, and the beautiful palm lifts its feathery head to the breeze. Here she is likely to be becalmed. But there is an oppressive stillness in the air, her progress is hindered, although the waters are calm and untroubled—"tis the calm before the coming storm."

"Oh, the vastness! Oh, the terror!

Oh, the launching on the sea!

Sailing dangers, tempest threatening—

Is there no help? Must it be?

Even so: the Admiral's flagship

This game way hath sailed before,

Leading to that waveless harbor,

Leading to that stormless shore."

—Dr. Neale.

Preparations are hastily made, sails are taken in; there is a rattling of chains, a rattling of hatches, the lower masts are lowered. Suddenly it breaks upon her in its fury, the wind has increased to a gale, the waters are lashed into foam, the waves rise and bear her upon their bosom to a mountain height, then into the depths. She shudders and groans with the strain, the billows sweep over her decks from stem to stern; mast and rials, in fact, everything movable, is carried away, and her seaworthiness is tested in every timber. Presently rockets are sent up into the darkness

of the night as tokens of her distress. For days the battle with the elements wages; then the wind subsides, the waves gradually become calmer, and in a battered condition she is run into the nearest harbor for repairs.

Then on she goes again to finish her journey. For a time all may be well; then she may slacken speed, and finally come to a standstill. This is a more serious difficulty than any which she has yet encountered—her engines are out of repair.

Her Power is Gone.

She cannot continue her journey until the machinery is put in order. A passing vessel is hailed, and she is towed into the dock to be again put into repair.

She may make the voyage prosperously now until it is nearly over, the white cliffs of the homeland be already in sight. Hearts on board are full of expectation; almost into the harbor, but in going through the dangerous channel, she has got a little off the course, and if the engines are not stopped, and the pilot taken on board, the chart pored over, and herself put upon the right track, there will be a sudden grating of the keel on the rocks, a sharp shock, then a rushing in of the cold water, and with a shudder, she will lurch over, and sink beneath the waves, bearing down with her the struggling mass of humanity which she had so nearly carried into the desired haven. "Lost in sight of home." A few spars, a part of the battered, broken remnants of the ship, the signboard with her name, may float towards the shore, and tell more eloquently than words the story of a wreck.

The spiritually awakened can trace the analogy between the natural and the spiritual world quite easily. A soul starts out from Calvary's port with glowing prospects. For a time all is joy and gladness. Its path is illuminated. Then God brings about some of His mysterious providences, the deep things that cannot be understood. The way becomes so different

to what they expected, and then doubts and fears arise in the mind; misunderstandings and difficulties come into the path from the human side; just when the soul seems least able to bear it the crash comes.

Well is it, then, in that first encounter, if, instead of drifting disabled and discouraged with the tide, the soul runs to the Lord, the harbor, the place of repair for His people.

It may next encounter the icebergs, those cold, professing Christians that chill the soul, that dampen her ardor, that would try her, that there is no need of being so extreme, no need of so much sacrifice for the good of others. If she remains too long in their company, there is a probability of the freezing process asserting itself; no sunshine from it will warm the soul. What spirit has not been surrounded by the floating ice, the chilling influence of uncongenial circumstances, discouraging surroundings? If the soul does not keep hold of the divine, and wait only upon God, she is very likely to succumb to the evil influences with which she is surrounded, in the home, in the workshop, in all the relationships of life. It may be a very gradual cooling off, from the first love to lukewarmness, a little less desire for prayer, a little less hunger for the Word of God, not quite such a strong stand taken against evil, only a little compromise, but the floating ice has impeded the progress of that soul. The greatest danger does not lie always

In Opposition, Persecution.

or the influence of the unconverted. Greatest danger frequently lies in an easier path, favorable circumstances, the love and battery of friends, the warm sunshine of prosperity, a cloudless sky; and if not watchful, the soul settles down and ceases to make any spiritual progress.

God cannot always trust people with prosperity, and in His tender love and wisdom, it is often necessary for Him to let the storm of bereavement, and financial reverses, sweep fiercely down upon the soul. The loved one, upon which it has leaned, its strong mast, is torn away, the family circle is broken up, fondest hopes are hurried, earthly prospects are swept away, reverses and losses follow each other in quick succession, until it cries out in agony, "All Thy waves, and Thy billows have gone over me!" But our God is the place of repair for the weary, helpless spirit. The waves are hushed to a calm at His command. It will probably carry the scars of the conflict to the end, but it pursues the journey and makes fair progress toward the other shore.

Then, alas! a graver danger than that that have yet been met with may overtake the soul. There is a slackening pace, it has lost the power that

hitherto propelled it on through every circumstance, through every storm. There are many ways in which this sad experience may come about.

Spiritual Satisfaction is a Frequent Cause

Other causes are—allowing service for God to take the place of communion and fellowship with Him; becoming too much elated over successes, or depressed and discouraged by the hardness of the way, or the persecutions of our enemies, the care of this world, and the entrancing power of heaving sins.

At this juncture, the influence of some consecrated life may be brought to bear upon it, and the soul returns to God. Power is again received from on High, and it can go on its journey, instead of becoming a wreck upon the Sea of Time.

It is most easy to lose the right way, to deviate just a little from the God-marked-out course. In the effort to steer clear from one hidden rock the soul is likely to run upon another. Better, then, would it be to stand still, and own up, like one honest soul, of whom we heard lately, "I do not know where I am!"—better look into the Bible chart and get instructions, better to take the Pilot on board and let Him have control, let Him guide into the right course, than to go on till she meets with a sudden shock, a crash, a wreck, the soul not only lost, but hearing with her the hopes of others, who have watched it, and who have been influenced by its example all through the earthly voyage.

The shores of Time are strewn with the hulls of these wrecks; the battered, broken spars, like driftwood, are piled upon the strand. We look upon the faces in the old album, of comrades who once fought by our side, that once sailed along so buoyantly o'er life's sea; we turn away with a sigh as we remember the past, "all the 'what might have been,'" and ask ourselves, Why is it that such lives as these have been wrecked? We can but come to the conclusion that it was because they

Failed to Run to the Place of Repair.

after encountering the storms and strains of life. They drifted on and on, until at last one fierce storm has come upon them and they have succumbed to the strain of circumstances. They are lost, not because of the difficulties, not because of the fogs, the icebergs, the storms, but because they did not go to God in their distresses. Thank God, we meet others who have come through quite as many trials, quite as heavy storms, whose faces, though pained, bear still the traces of the strains through which they have passed, but they are still pursuing the onward journey, overcomers through Him Who has loved them.



THE SPORT OF THE WAVES.

Ensign Jonah

If you've never heard about him, praise the Lord!
'tis not too late:
I am at your service, reader, and will serve you
while you wait.

Ensign Jonah got his orders—marching orders, I
should say—
Was to Nineveh appointed by Headquarters straight
away;

But, because he'd no Lieutenant,
or because he feared to fail,
He refused to take the journey; his
hackslinging forms my tale.
We are told he hooked for Tarshish,
though he must have known
full well,
While with orders he was trifling,
souls were drifting down to hell.
P'raps like some, he thought he
needed rest, as tonic for the
fight;

Or, said they should surely send him where
the prospects were more bright.

Why should he, somewhat rheumatic, go
to open "Ninevar!"

When there were some others, lasses, who
might do it better far?

And he'd heard 'twas such a city, and such
wickedness was there;

He'd be as a drop-in-bucket, struggling in
the open air.

He'd be tempting God's great goodness;
having too much faith, you know:

So he did as Satan told him—simply said
he would not go.

Then he went, dressed as civilian, on a
voyage across the sea—

"If I get a situation, I'll give up the work,"
said he.

And he got a situation
in the belly
of a whale;

Though p'raps I
am anticipating
—but you recognize
the tale.

'Twas a rather
tight position, for the Lord he'd left
behind

Had prepared the fish's gullet planned
each detail in His mind:

Made it far from being roomy—there was
no verandah there;

Nor was there, I do believe it, room to kneel
down for his prayer.

But he prayed sincerely, saying, he would
now obedient be.

And at once communicated with Head-
quarters, don't you see.

Soon for Nineveh he
started, crying out,
"Yet forty days,
God in anger will
destroy you, if you
turn not from your
ways!"

Then they had a great revival; held a fast instead of
feast,

And repented of their doings, from the greatest to the
least.

And the king, too, got converted; gave this testimony
grand—

"Let the people in this city form at once a praying
band!"

And we're told that God repented when He saw their
works were good—

Faith and works went well together, as the Bible says
they should.

But it came to pass that Jonah got quite angry, it is
said;

And, like those who lose their temper, "wished to
goodness he were dead!"

Wanted to be off to Heaven; wanted to put down the
cross,

So that he might be an angel without any further loss.

So we're told, he left the city, and a little cottage
made,

Where he could sit down and study in the solitude
and shade.

And a gourd-vine grew upon it, and some roses
p'raps around.



Till the people passing muttered
—"What a pretty piece of
ground!"

But a worm by God's direction,
crept along one sunny day,
And without a word to Jonah,
nibbled the gourd-stem right
away;

So that soon its leaves got
withered, and an East wind
blew it down;

Maybe spoiling his flower garden and geraniums all
around.

Then he set up such a wailing, as the sun shone on
his head,

Once more telling God Almighty he would rather he
were dead!

Then the Lord, doubtless disgusted, when He saw
this angry spell,

Said to Ensign Jonah, softly, "Do you think you're
doing well?"

"Yes, I am!" replied the Ensign, "even with my
latest breath—

This thing is so past enduring, that I'd seal it with
my death!"



THE DESERTER'S DESERT.

Said the Lord, "If you are sorry for a gourd in such a
way,

What must I, of 80,000 babes in that great city, say?"

Whether Jonah gave an answer, if God spoke to him
again;

'Tis not in the Book recorded; so we'll make these
lessons plain.

There are gourds for shady Christians, growing in
our land to-day—

Oh that God would send an East wind, to blow all
such vines away!

There's the weed-gourd of To-
bacco, with vast crowds be-
neath its leaf;

Of the many strange Gods wor-
shipped, this bids fair to form
the chief.

Christians spend their money on
it, as they lead, and light, and puff;

Cleaving and expectorating on the ground the dirty
stuff.

If they gave as much attention to their Bible and
their prayers,



God could bless the land they live in—lift its burden
and its cares.

Then there is the gourd of Fashion, costing many a
mighty sum—

One flower-garden-hat would purchase cornet, tau-
hourine and drum!

One silk dress would feed a thousand, starving out
on India's strand;

And what Christians spend on fashion could stop
famine in that land.

But, before some worldly Christians throw a shilling
on the plate,

They for useless overhangings throw away p'raps
seven or eight.

Then they wonder why God's blessing on their Syna-
gogue won't come,

And instead of cursing fashion, sometimes curse our
Army drum.

Then there is the gourd of Drinking—who can tell the
awful tale,

Of the record of its victims—if
I tried I would but fail;

Of the millions drinking, drift-
ing, quickly, surely, to their
doom—



And the licensed sign
boards, "to the
pit" proclaim yet
there is room;

There are other gounds, too many to en-
umerate to-day;

Nought but grace and holy living can the
compact drive away.

Only while for God we're working in the
place He'd have us be,

Will He use us for His glory—and our
enemies shall see.

The Angel of Joy.

JOY has a depth and stillness far be-
yond mere merriment. Joy has a
moral force, because it rises out of
and combines real and constituent spiri-
tual elements, loftier, more enduring than
pleasure; it draws its life and gathers its
strength from the most vigorous and the
most varied faculties of our nature. Its
very roots are watered,—it is watered at
the roots of its being by streams, the com-
bined results of drops from the spring of
laughter, as well as from the fountain of
tears. Like the pines of Ida, it takes
the sunlight bravely, because it has been
strengthened by the storm; it turns the
troubled tempests of life into stirring
music; it compels its lighter cares to slug;
from sorrow it brings a happy endence—
sad, yet happy, like the soft low whisper of
Sicilian pines. It possesses the secret of all
that is bright and beautiful in nature, all
that is divine and ennobling in Art—these
when it pleases it can use. In its counten-
ance is the innocence of childhood; it is
strength of energy the vigor of the full-
grown man; in it is the delight and aston-
ishment of the voices of awakening birds,
the freshness of opening flowers, the

elasticity of early youth, the brightness of
the breeze in Springtime, and the charm without the sor-
row of the dawn. Spiritual joy! We linger about it,
find it hard to leave it, as we linger not to lose one
ray of beauty when the clouds of sunset are unclasping
their draperies of crimson to wrap themselves in
the sable robes of storm.

Joy! It co-ordinates and harmonizes all rays of
moral glory; it has the sweetness and freshness of the
music of Mendelssohn; it touches with the chromatic
tenderness of Spohr; it unites the depth and splendor
of the coloring of Titian, and the refinement and
severity of Fraucia's Christ. If, indeed, it can be
found in the face of the Crucified, it can be no silly, un-
evanescent sentiment, no bodiless imagination, no
passing spasm; no, it is a power. A soul in spiritual
joy is a soul in possession of a power not hard, crush-
ing, adamant, but enriched with energetic life—on
the side of man, an outcome of unflinching loyalty to
truth and duty; on the side of the undying, a bequest
of the crucifix, one exquisite result of the delicate, the
finished workmanship of the Spirit of God.

—CANON KNOX LITTLE

Christmas Songs

Holiness.

Tune.—For ever with the Lord (B.J. 81, P.W. 56).

1 From every stain made clean, from every sin set free;
Oh, blessed Lord, this is the gift that Thou hast promised me.
And pressing through the path of failure, fault, and fear;
Before Thy cross my all I cast, and dare to leave it there.

From Thee, I would not hide my sin, because of fear;
What men may think; I hate my pride, and as I am appear.
Just as I am, O Lord, not what I'm thought to be;
Just as I am, a struggling soul for life and liberty.

Upon the altar here, I lay my treasure down;
I only want to have Thee near, King of my heart to crown.
The fire doth surely burn my every selfish aim;
And while from them to Thee I turn, I trust in Thy great name.

A heart by Blood made clean, in every wish and thought;
A heart that by God's power has been into subjection brought.
To walk, to weep, to sing, within the light of heaven;
This is the blessing, Saviour, King, that Thou to me hast given.

Mighty Faith.

Tune.—Stella (B.J. 25).

2 Give me the faith that Jesus had, The faith that can great mountains move,
That makes the mournful spirit glad,
The saving faith that works by love,
The faith for which the saints have loved, striven,
The faith that pulls the fire from heaven.

Give me the faith that gets the power,
That stubborn devils dare not turn,
That lion-teeth cannot devour,
That furnace-fires can never burn,
That never fears the tyrant's frown,
That wins and wears the martyr's crown.

Give me the faith that dare do right,
That keeps the weakest brave and strong,
That will for Jesus nobly fight,
That turns life's sorrows into song,
That passes through the fiery test,
That lives, and gives, and does its best.

Give me the faith that lives to trust,
That in the child-like spirit dwells,
That hushes self and slughters lust,
That keeps out all that Christ expels,
That gives no quarter to the foe,
That sternly says, "You'll have to go."

Hail, Saviour!

Tune.—Christ for me (B.E. 48, S.M. I. 23).

3 Oh, let us hail the Saviour's birth,
Christ has come!
Sweet Messenger of peace on earth,
Christ has come!
He's come, let men and angels sing,
And through the world the echo ring,
To-day is born our Saviour-King,
Christ has come!

All glory to the new-born King,
Christ has come!
Our hearts adore Him while we sing:
Christ has come!
He's come, the Lord of earth and skies,
And in a lowly manger lies,
To gain for us a paradise,
Christ has come!

A living Saviour we have found,
Christ has come!
We'll spread to earth's remotest bound;
Christ has come!
He's come within our hearts to dwell,
Our Saviour, Lord, Immanuel,
And of His wondrous life we'll tell,
Christ has come!

Poor, weary sinner, trembling one,
Christ has come!
He has for you the victory won;
Christ has come!
He's come to save both you and me,
To bear the cross on Calvary,
And every sinner may go free,
Christ has come!

Then brothers, sisters, seek Him now,
Christ is here!
And humbly at His footstool bow,
Christ is here!
He's standing here with looks so kind,
And says to you, "In Me you'll find
Pardon, and rest, and strength combined."
Christ is here!

Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

Tune.—Hark, the herald angels sing (B.J. 146).

4 Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and Sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim:
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Mild, He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Himself with healing in His wings.

A Better World.

Tune.—Better world (B.J. 11, S.M. I. 379).

5 There is a better world, they say,
Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright!
There music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and muses fair,
Oh, so bright!

But wicked things, and beasts of prey
Come not there!
And ruthless death, and fierce decay,
Come not there!
There all are holy, all are good,
But hearts unwashed in Jesus' blood,
And guilty sinners unrenewed,
Come not there!

Though we are sinners, every one,
Jesus died!
And though our crown of peace is gone,
Jesus died!
We may be cleansed from every stain,
We may be crowned with bliss again,
And in that land of glory reign,
Jesus died!

Then parents, sisters, brothers, come,
Come away!
We're bound to reach our Father's home,
Come away!
Oh, come, the time is fleeting past,
And men and things are fading fast,
Our turn will surely come at last,
Come away!

Invitation.

Tune.—Oh, come, come away (B.J. 22, S.M. I. 215).

6 Oh, come, come away, ye sinners are invited,
A feast to share, so now prepare,
Oh, come, come away,
No longer do excuses make,
But every sinful way forsake,
And in the heavenly feast partake,
Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away, forsake your old companions,
They walk the path that leads to wrath,
Oh, come, come away,
Bid sin and friends of sin farewell,
No longer run with them to hell,
But haste with saints to dwell,
Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away, to our salvation meeting,
There mercy rolls for guilty souls,
Oh, come, come away,
The Fountain still is open wide—
It gushes from the Saviour's side,
Come, plunge beneath the tide,
Oh, come, come away.

Oh, come, come away, the Saviour now is waiting,
He will receive, if sin you leave,
Oh, come, come away,
And in this world He'll be your Friend,
He'll love and keep you to the end,
Then to heaven you shall ascend,
Oh, come, come away.

Solo.

Tune.—The Saviour chose (B.J. 63, M.S. I. 44).

7 The Saviour chose a lowly place,
When He in Bethlehem was born;
'Twas but a manger—oh, what grace
To sinful men the Lord has shown.

Chorus.

Bending low, seeking so,
Men to save from endless loss,
Christ came down and left His throne
To give His life upon the cross.

He gladly left His heavenly home,
The erring steps of men to trace,
Who, though oft warned, still wandered on,
Towards the gloom of hell's abyss.

For heaven's joy He chose earth's pain,
For heaven's peace He chose earth's grief;
Though cruel scorn and bitter shame,
He knew from men it would receive.

He had nowhere to lay His head,
No home on earth did He possess;
Though rich above, He chose instead
So poor to be that He might bless.

From loving hearts, oh, let us bring
To Him the gift of thankful praise;
Think how He stooped at Bethlehem,
And at the cross displayed His grace.

Advent Hymn.

"SILVER TRUMPETS"
(In quicktime.)

8.7s.

F. L. H. Sims.



Crowded to the manger lowly, King of all see Jesus lie,
While the angel-anthem holy echoes through the midnight sky;
Demons, by that song affrighted, to their gloomy caverns haste,
Truth and Mercy have united, Righteousness and Peace embraced.



Clear the Gospel Trumpet ringing, wide to earth's remotest shore,
Echoes still the angels' singing, "Glory!—Peace for evermore!"
Hearts—like Beth'hem's Orb—reflecting bright the Day-Star's dawning ray,
Teach the Wise to come, expecting Judah's King all power to sway.



David's Root, and Branch excelling, hear the Spirit and the Bride
Bid thee "Come," Immanuel, dwelling evermore man's Light and Guide!
Love's keen sense can hear Thee crying loud Thy last glad word again,—
"Yea! I quickly come!" replying, "Even so, Lord, come! Amen!"

